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That $200 Cash.

It seems hardly possible that our subscribers realize that we are going to give two hundred dollars to the one sending us the largest amount of subscription money before May 31, 1905. And when it is remembered that this valuable prize is over and above the large commissions that we offer at the same time it is still harder to understand why so few are working for the prize at all, and why those few are doing so little to earn it. See the announcement on another page, and write us if you wish to work in your locality.

College Life in India.

(Written for the 'Messenger' by an Indian College Student.)

Being an Indian college student myself, I do not understand anything about college life in America, and so I am unable to draw a comparison between the natures and methods of instruction imparted in these universities. After all, there is not much to give in a detailed account, as the methods of instruction in colleges are based on the same lines as those pursued in the lower classes.

The age at which an Indian lad is put in school is five, and in some cases less than that. Certain sacred rities are performed, and praises offered to 'Saraswati,' the goddess of learning. The lad is first taught his vernacular language for about two or three years, and at the expiry of that period, he begins to learn English, on the knowledge of which his future prospects depend. When about nine or ten years old he appears for the government primary examination, taking geography, hygiene or history, dictation (all these in his vernacular language) as compulsory subjects, and English as an optional subject.

Now begins his real English study. After a continuous study of six years he appears for the entrance examination of the university. The examination consists of five subjects, viz., mathematics, science, history and geography (all in English), English language and a second language, the whole of those subjects being compulsory. After passing the entrance examination, some give up study and enter into government service, and some who want to pursue their course of study, are admitted to the college. Unlike the British and some other universities, the student is not allowed to enter the college unless he passes the entrance examinations.

Now begins his college career. He has to study the English text-books which are prescribed by the university every year, of which, in the Madras University, one of Shakespeare's dramas forms one. The great dramatist is much favored by the Indian student. Next to him come Milton, Goldsmith, Scott and Tennyson. These texts the college student masters for the most part with the aid of annotations. The students depend more upon the notes than upon their teacher, except in some well-equipped colleges where the professor, generally a European, teaches his pupils without the students being obliged to seek the help of commentaries. Then comes his second language, a vernacular or classical language like Sanskrit. These the student has comparatively little difficulty in mastering. Then there is a third subject, mathematics, viz., algebra, geometry and trigonometry, the last of which the student has hitherto not been acquainted with; then the histories of Rome and Greece; and the fifth subject is physiography or physiology. It must not be supposed that the examination curricula apply to all the Indian universities; they differ in many respects. The above is written about the University of Madras. After a two years' hard study the student is admitted to the B.A., provided he obtains a certificate in the first arts for the university.

Now, to return to the inner life of the student. After the school work is over in the evening he goes home, in the generality of cases, instead of taking some physical exercise, he takes a book and studies it. The Indian is, as a rule, very fond of literary pursuits, and loathes physical exercise. This is one of the causes of his weak constitution, which tells very much upon him in after life. When his examination approaches he rises up early in the morning, generally at four o'clock, and without interruption studies till eight. He lives in an atmosphere of books, and is very seldom found without a book in his hand, pouring forth

Long Lost.

It is very interesting to mark the gradual opening of the mind of one long sunk in ignorance. Sometimes months pass away after someone has begun to attend the Sunday-school, and no impression is made; and then there comes a little softening, a little turning of the deaf ear to listen to the message of peace—a little desire to follow counsel. Then the verse is learned more eagerly, and then the teaching of one Sunday is remembered on the next; and on it goes; till the ignorance melts away in the pure shining of the Light of Light. How a teacher's heart is gladdened by that first little dawn! Such was the feeling in one of the classes only a few Sundays ago. An old woman had been an occasional attendant for years. She was densely ignorant, and never could learn her verse; but one Sunday she answered a question, and the words of her answer were part of a text. She had learned it, though she had not appeared to do so. The next Sunday she brought with her a poor woman, and she said to the teacher, 'Miss, I was thinking over what you said last Sunday, and I thought since I'd be a missionary myself; and I just thought over who I could bring to learn with me, and I brought this woman.' The new-comer was gladly welcomed; but, just as she was sitting down, her eye fell upon one of the Scripture readers. She rushed to him, seized both his hands, and burst into tears. When she nursed her husband all through a long illness, that Scripture reader had visited him. He had died rejoicing in Christ. She had lost sight of him, but often she longed to hear the words of the Book which had so comforted her husband, and now, through the zeal of one only a little enlightened, she was brought to the place she had longed for.—From 'Story of the Dublin Mission.'

When she nursed her husband through a long illness, that Scripture reader had visited him.

all his energies over its contents. It may be here remarked that the majority of Indian students study reading aloud.

The influence of the mother in an Indian family is very little. To the influence of woman is due in no small measure the exercise of those gentler virtues which have become characteristic of the most progressive races. To woman are they indebted for much of that reasonable spirit of self-sacrifice and obedience which is rendering the social, nay, the political, progress of mankind possible. But the Indian student is deprived of such advantages. Much care is taken by the father in educating his boys and many are the sacrifices that he will undergo to give his son a good education.

The Indian, however, studies and passes examinations not for gaining knowledge, but for obtaining a livelihood, since it is usually the moderately poor who study; the rich generally do not care to exert themselves so far. After all, educated men in India form but a very insignificant portion out of the three hundred millions of population. Their number, including those who can only read and write their vernacular language, forms but two percent of the whole population.

The ordinary college student has no religious instruction. Where there are institutions of Christian missions there a knowledge of Christian Scriptures is imparted.

In some recently established Hindu institutions, a small attempt is being made to instruct the students in their religion. A Hindu student rises up early in the morning, and, after taking a bath, offers up his prayers to Surya, the Sun God. When he is about to take his meals he prays to God. These prayers are recited in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Hindus. But such students are scarce.

As a rule, the student is very obedient to his parents. If a parent reprove him more sharply than is due, he will neither answer again nor show any resentment. It sometimes happens that parents, who have had little learning themselves have made very self-denying efforts to secure a good education for their sons. Young men, under such circumstances, are apt to look down upon their parents.

There are few or no boarding institutions of Hindus, the caste system forming a barrier among the various castes. The members of one caste loathe to eat with those of another. With the influx of a foreign population and the introduction of foreign manners and customs these barriers are little by little being removed. At present there are only a limited number of Hindu boarding institutions of which the Hindu College at Benares, the Jerusalem of India, is the chief, and at which arrangements are made for each caste separately

As a matter of fact, and in so far as his actual course of life is concerned, the Indian college student is content, except in a small number of exceptional cases, to adhere with scrupulous care to the traditionary usages of his caste and sect.

A few students, after taking their B.A., study for their M.A. A graduate, who need not be an M.A., is preferred for the government service. After passing the B.A. some take up teaching and become licentiates in teaching, and some take up law. They are averse, owing to caste prejudices, to take up medicine.

Such is the life of an Indian college student at the present day. Before 1857 there were no universities in India. Formerly education was the exclusive right of the higher classes, and the lower classes were debarred from it. How much does India owe to the British for the many benefits which her sons have received at their hands! Under the British they have begun to feel that they ought to form one grand brotherhood; under the British they have begun to understand the disastrous effects of disunion; under the British they have been made to know the true meaning of 'patriotism'; and under them alone they have been enjoying full liberty. We live under the mildest, the most enlightened, and the most powerful of modern Governments, we enjoy in a high degree the rights of personal security and personal liberty, and the right of private property. To one who wishes to have a clear idea about the present state of affairs nothing but the eloquent words of Mr. Justice Cunningham can adequately describe it:—

'Whenever it is fated that we are again to part company, and history writes "fuit" upon the British Raj, she will record how the English found India impoverished and left her opulent; found her the home of ignorance and superstition, placed the sacred torch of knowledge in her hand, found her the prey of the untamed forces of nature, turned these very forces to enrich and embellish her; found her the monopoly of a despotic few, left her the common heritage of all; found her a house divided against herself, and the prey of the first comer, left her harmonious and tranquil; found her a mere congeries of petty tyrannies, with no principle but mutual distrust and no policy but mutual extermination; left her a grand, consolidated empire, with justice for its base and the common happiness of all its guiding star.'

Just a word to my readers, and the letter will be brought to an end. I have been asked by Mrs. Cole to write this, and I heartily thank her for the opportunity this has given me of introducing myself to you.

Yours very sincerely,
STUDENT.

Madras Presidency, India.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Songs in the Night.

(By B. F. Herald.)

Creep closer to Jesus, my children,
The night-winds are whistling cold;
While hungry wolves prowl in the darkness,
And sniff through the chinks of the fold.

Creep closer to Jesus, sweet maiden,
He giveth a song in the night,
Thy roseate dreams of the future
Are hallowed when seen by His light.

Creep closer to Jesus, dear mother,
The way has been tedious and long;
He will give you laughter for weeping
And the 'oil of gladness' for song.

Creep closer to Jesus, my brother,
Though your castles lie low in the dust;
He will make you an heir to a mansion
If only in Him you will trust.

Creep closer to Jesus, poor sinner,
Though burdened with sorrow and sin,
His love and His death all sufficient,
Will draw you His kingdom within.

Creep closer to Jesus, sad mourner,
Thy loved one is laid in the grave;
From the grasp of the dire desolation
He has power to rescue and save.

Conrad, the King's Son.

(Elizabeth McLeod.)

The little son of a king once wandered off into the woods and disappeared. They sought him for a long time, and as they could not find him, they thought he had been carried off by some wild beast; and they mourned him as dead. But he was not dead; he had been stolen by some gypsies, who took him away with them, and brought him up as one of their own children.

When he was about twenty years old, his father—the king—heard that he was alive, and where he was living. There was great rejoicing in the king's palace when they heard the news, and great preparations were made to welcome home the wanderer. When all was ready, a servant was sent to fetch him home. After travelling a long distance the servant found him living in a hut with the gypsies. He sought him out, and said:

'Young man, I have good news for you. Your father is a king, and he has sent me to bring you to his palace.'

'I am quite satisfied here,' said the young man, whom we will call Conrad; 'look at my fine house, is it not grand?' he continued, pointing to his hut, which was a little better than its neighbors.

'But your father's house is a palace,' said the servant, 'one of the least of the rooms is finer than your whole house.'

'Come in,' said Conrad, 'till I show you what I have in my house.'

So he led him in and showed him a small box full of pieces of colored glass which he thought were pearls and diamonds.

'Are they not beautiful?' he said, running them through his fingers; 'I spend all my time looking for them.'

'Oh, come with me,' pled the servant; 'your father has whole windows and doors made of just such stuff in his palace.'

'No, indeed, I won't; look at my fine pictures,' he said, pointing to some circus posters on the wall; 'and see here,' he continued, taking a handful of shining pieces of metal out of his pocket, 'am I not rich?'

'Come with me, and you will have all the gold and silver you want, and all the beautiful clothes, too,' said the servant.

'Clothes!' exclaimed Conrad, 'look at all my clothes,' pointing to a lot of old coats and other clothes hanging on the wall.

'It must be very unhealthy living in this swampy place,' said the messenger.

'It is, I am often sick; but I do not mind that as long as I am prospering and growing rich.'

The servant tried hard to persuade Conrad to go home with him, but in vain. Conrad gave him the same answer to all his arguments; he was doing very well where he was, and he did not want any change, and at last the servant had to return without him.

There was great disappointment in the king's palace, when the servant returned alone. Some one suggested that the king should send and bring him by force. But the king said, 'No; he shall come of his own free will or not at all.' By and bye he sent another servant in case the first one had not given his message properly. But the second met with no better success than the first. From time to time others were sent; but it was always the same. Conrad would give no attention to any of them. It did not seem to be much use to keep sending for him; but still his father's heart yearned after him, and message after message was sent him.

After a time Conrad began to grow suspicious of the servants. He seemed to have the idea that it was his wealth and not his welfare they wanted. He was quite willing to converse with them at first; but after a while he would avoid them all he could. Many years passed away, but Conrad still lived in the same place and took pleasure in the same pursuits.

At last, one day, one of the king's servants came to his door, and knocked. Getting no answer, he opened the door, went in, and found Conrad dead. Yes, dead! in the midst of his baubles. And so the poor fellow died, thinking he was rich and prosperous, and not knowing that he was poor and ragged and miserable. Are there not too many like him among us to-day.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Morning Prayer.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to urge my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Lo, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

—Canon Wilberforce.

A Call for a Legion.

(Angelina M. Tuttle, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'Mother, what would you do if you were afraid; just downright scared, you know?'

Mother was very busy. She looked at Walter a full second before she replied. Then her thoughts grasped the question and she said, 'I should pray.'

'But s'pose there wasn't time?'

It was one of the lovely things about mother that she gave you her whole attention when she talked with you.

'If I were to meet Fear by the wayside and he should say, "I give you five seconds in which to act," I think I should spend at least three seconds on my knees. I would pray God to send one of those legions of angels, you know. What would you do?'

'I was thinking I'd just go ahead and tell him to scare me if he could.'

Mother was preparing a pudding for the oven, thinking up her order for the grocer, amusing the baby who was tied in his high chair, seeing that little Jessica washed her hands clean and did not upset the bowl of water and doing a few other things all at the same time. It was Saturday morning and the cook had just gone out at the back door saying she had some advertisements to look up and could not stay till another girl was found.

'Walter, can't you take Jess out this forenoon?' asked mother, presently. 'She'll be good and there is so much I must do.'

Walter loved his mother and he loved little Jessica, but did he not dearly love Saturdays too? and there were so few of them, only one a week and five long schools days with Sunday which did not count, between. And today the Iroquois were to play the Invincibles. He had told Jack he would be over early. Any other boy of ten would have kicked the table leg and frowned and felt cross, I am sure.

If it was with a silent and ill-humored companion that little Jessica shortly set forth, she did not mind. The sun shone gloriously, the yellow leaves were fluttering down and dancing along before the gay little breezes, all the babies were out and half the people they met had a smile for Jessica. Walter refused to let her hold his hand. It was bad enough to have to take care of a baby without looking like a child's maid, he was saying to himself. Other people had nurse girls if they happened to have any bothersome babies in the house. Jack had not any, no meddlesome little hands tore his best books, or got his pencils, and he could play all day Saturdays and before and after school.

Jessica walked at the edge of the sidewalk and scuffed the leaves up before her small feet.

'Let's go up and see Uncle Theodore. Come, Jess, want to see Uncle There?' Walter coaxed, Jess preferred the sunshine but Walter had a feeling that he should meet some of the boys before long unless he could get off the street.

It was in at a big door and up three long flights. Jess toiled serenely up, taking each stair as a separate achievement, while Walter tramped on ahead, calling back from the top of each flight: 'Don't be so slow.' 'Hurry up, can't you?' 'Come on'—and under his breath were smothered, I am sorry to say, such cross words as, 'Old botheration,' 'Nuisance!' Jess made the last climb quite by herself, and finally trotted into Uncle Theodore's study rosy and panting, for she was a plump body and her long cloak was heavy for a big climb. Walter was there already, leaning on the big table before the windows where his uncle sat at work.

'Good morning, Jess,' called the tall, spectacled man, who had a pen in his fingers, a world of papers, books and drawings spread before him and a tall, brass microscope on a stand close by.

Jess came and leaned against his chair. Suddenly Uncle Theodore remembered that he was not behaving well to his visitor. He wheeled about, took little Jess on his lap and kissed her pink cheeks. He asked how Tab was and why she did not bring the baby.

'Baby tan't walk,' said Jess. 'Tab 'cratches me, he do.'

Uncle Theodore took off her bonnet and cloak, then he put her down and fetched a box from somewhere and a drawing board from somewhere else. With these he made a table. Then he gave Jess his shears and some picture papers. The sun shone in at the big windows. Jess clipped away, and Uncle Theodore explained to Walter about the queer plant whose cotyledon he had under the microscope.

After a time Jess said she was thirsty. 'Please, Bover, I wants a dwink,' she urged, coming around and pulling at Walter.

'Oh, bother!' said Walter, but he went over to the corner where there was a water faucet behind a screen.

'There is filtered water in the big bottle outside the window,' called Uncle Theodore.

'All right,' Walter replied, and he got the glass from its little shelf. At his feet stood a big bottle nearly full and he said to himself: 'Uncle Theodore is always forgetting things. He has filled the bottle and left it here. That is the one I always get a drink from.' So he turned out a glassful, and saying, 'Here, Jess,' put it into her hands.

The walk and the sunshine had made the little girl very thirsty. She took a large swallow. 'Oh, oh, hot water! He burn me. Oh, oh!' she gasped and began to cry.

Uncle Theodore bounded from his chair and was there behind the screen with the children in a flash. He caught up the glass and smelled the colorless liquid in it.

'That's wood alcohol, and it is poison.' His voice was husky and he snatched Jess in his arms and ran out of the room calling back something which Walter did not catch.

Poor Walter! It was days before he forgot the pain of that dreadful fear which had clutched his heart. He did not cry out, nor faint, nor run after his uncle. He just stood there miserable, with that horrible fear strangling and suffocating him. Poisoned! Dear little Jess! Sweet, merry, gay little Jess! Father's delight, Mother's treasure, the very fun and sunshine of the whole house!

Walter looked at the glass and longed to drink the rest and die too. Then he remembered mother and tried to think what he must do. 'If you have five seconds, spend three of them asking God for help.' It came back as if spoken in his ear. Down on his knees went the boy and sobbed out his cry, adding: 'Oh, forgive me, do forgive me for being cross to her. And send a legion, please, right away. Oh, send them quick and tell them to fight hard.'

Steps paused before the open door, and a voice called into the room: 'Boy here? The Professor says tell him she is not going to die. He is taking her to the drug store. Wants the boy to come too, I guess.'

Walter scrubbed the tears from his eyes and came forth as the steps retreated. He caught up Jessica's bonnet and cloak and ran down the three flights at such headlong speed that as he gained the sidewalk his uncle and little Jess, her yellow hair tossing in the wind, just rounded the corner down the street. For Uncle Theodore had fled first to the telephone on the first floor, called up the doctor and asked him what to do for the poisoning, and then rung up the druggist and ordered a dose of ipecac made ready. So Jess sat on the counter when Walter reached the drug store, her first dose of ipecac already down and Uncle Theodore wiping the tears from her eyes. For ipecac has not a nice taste, you know.

They put on her bonnet and cloak and took her home, Uncle Theodore carrying a vial containing more ipecac. Fear had met Walter upon the highway and now stalked at his side with a heavy hand on his shoulder. But Walter had not been thinking this morning of a Fear at all like this one.

Uncle Theodore was carrying Jess, and his legs seemed to measure off a yard at every stride. Walter ran at his side, with one hand reaching up to grasp the tiny, warm fist of little Jess. They must hold her fast. Fear's hand weighed like lead upon him, but all his soul reached up, begging that the legion might fight hard.

Mother turned very white when Uncle Theodore stammered: 'Don't be frightened, Lucy. Something has happened to Jess, but don't be alarmed. She has drank something poisonous, but it won't hurt her. She is going to get all right.'

It was a sad and anxious day for them all. Jess had to be made to swallow two more doses of ipecac, and of course she grew pale and sick from it. Walter scarcely left her side. When she fell asleep he went every few minutes to listen to her breathing and see if she did not look less pale. Then he overheard the doctor say something to Uncle Theodore about blindness. This seemed too much to bear. Walter drew away by himself and hid in the first thing he came to. It happened to be the doctor's big coat in the hall. So when, a moment later, the doctor came to put it on, he unrolled a very wretched boy.

'There now, my boy, you don't want to take an accident that way,' said the big man, gently. 'They are happening all about us, every day or so. Nobody is ever blamed for an accident.'

The doctor and Walter had been good friends from the start ten years back. So now Walter stammered out:

'I asked God for a legion of angels. Do you think they are helping you much?'

The doctor stood suddenly still. His eyes glistened and his voice was low and very kind

as he said: 'Yes, my boy. They are fighting well. They are going to pull us through all right. I am glad you thought to ask for them.'

Father had not gone back to the office. Uncle Theodore was in and out a dozen times, and the doctor looked in occasionally. When Jess was awake Walter carried her all his choicest books and picture albums and kept asking her if she could see them. At last, not long before bedtime, when the doctor came in he stood rubbing his hands and smiling cheerfully.

'The little lady is all right,' he said, 'we can go to our beds with light hearts, Jess will be gay as a sparrow to-morrow,' and he gave Walter a look which said, 'We know who pulled her through, don't we!'

Then he went away leaving every one longing to cry with relief and happiness.

'We have much to thank God for,' said father.

'Yes,' said Uncle Theodore, solemnly and mother added, 'Yes, yes, indeed, and we do all thank him.'

When Uncle Theodore had his hat on to go he came back to say, 'You need not be afraid to let the children ever come to see me again Lucy. There is not a bottle in my den now but has a big label on it.'

'Oh, there was no one to blame,' said mother and she came and sat by Walter and put her arm around him. She had said it several times before that day and now she seemed to want the words to last all night. Walter swallowed a great lump in his throat. He could not speak just then, but he felt that God and he knew a good deal that no one else guessed, though the doctor knew a little about it.

A Bird Hospital.

Did you ever hear of a bird hospital? It seems that there is such a hospital right in the heart of New York city. Five bright, sunny rooms, we are told, are filled with the little birds, whose diseases are very much like those with which little folks suffer. On one side of these rooms are windows through which comes plenty of bright, pleasant sunshine. On the other three sides of the rooms are shelves upon which there are rows of cages, each one with its tiny patient.

In this bird hospital each patient has a separate nest or tiny swing, or sometimes it lies in a little wire bed, just as you or I would do. Some of the nests are lined with little rubber bags filled with hot water, and covered with squares of flannel. These little rubber bags are no bigger than your thumb, but they are a great comfort to these sick canaries, and it is a pretty sight to see the little yellow birds cuddle down on these warm bags and lie quietly beneath the light cover that is thrown over them.

Birds with broken legs or wings are placed in a bandage swing, which is hung so that it rests the injured parts. Then the food and water are placed so that the little patient can reach them easily. Birds love to be held in the hand and cuddled carefully; and so in this hospital one of the greatest comforts of the downy patients is a rubber glove filled with warm air. Against this warm surface they will lie in the greatest content, as though caressed by a loving and friendly hand.

It is a wise and tender woman who is at the head of this hospital, and under her loving, skilful care thousands of little feathered invalids have come into happy, healthy birdhood again.—'Apples of Gold.'

The Prisoners' Friend.

IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH FRY, THE QUAKERESS PHILANTHROPIST.

At the East Ham Town Hall was unveiled a memorial bust to the late Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. The good she did was not 'interred with her bones,' but has lived after her to lighten what was once the cruel lot of prisoners in this country.

Mrs. Fry's work for the reform of our prisoners brought about in a very short time a complete change in the prison system. Her untiring efforts secured for her the title of the Prison Philanthropist, a name by which she will live in the memory of her countrymen longer than by the many memorials of stone which have been erected.

One winter Elizabeth was invited to go and see the terrible state of the women at Newgate Prison, and anxious at all times to be of help to the suffering, she started off for the jail.

She visited the 'untried wing,' and saw the half-starved women shivering in the bitter cold of February, and the children huddling in groups together to keep warm. Many of the women were drunk, having purchased liquor from the prison bar instead of food with the small pittances they could get. Few ever came to visit them and even the Governor hardly dared enter this part of Newgate without a military guard, so unruly were the women.

But two Quakeresses—Elizabeth Fry and her friend Anna Buxton—were able to go in and move about among these prisoners without the least fear of molestation. Their watches hung openly at their sides, for they had no fear of being robbed by the women.

The most hardened of prisoners softened at the gentle, appealing look and the earnest speech of these two beautiful types of perfect womanhood.

Day after day Elizabeth would come—sometimes accompanied, sometimes alone—to bring the gladness of the Gospel into the gloom of the prison life. By dint of persistent endeavor Mrs. Fry urged the authorities to alter the whole scheme of the prison life, and it is mainly owing to her work that the conditions under which our prisoners live to-day are no longer conducive to brutality and vice, but rather tend to true correction of the wrong-doers.—'Australian Christian World.'

Packing Pears and Human Nature.

(H. M. C., in the 'Outlook.')

From August 20 to September 1, last year, there were twenty-four car-loads of Bartlett pears sent to different places in the United States and Europe by one firm and from one town in western New York. All those pears were wrapped in paper and packed in boxes. The wife of one of the firm is a friend of mine, and invited me to go with her one afternoon to the building where the pears were wrapped and packed. It was a sight well worth seeing. There were two rooms, probably sixty feet long by fifty wide. On each side of each room were bins eight or ten feet wide, nearly as long as the room. These were piled high with large Bartlett pears. All around these bins women and girls were standing, wrapping the pears and packing them in small boxes.

As we stood watching the busy fingers I said to my friend, 'I believe I could do that.' 'Would you like to try?' she asked. 'Yes, I would,' I replied. Then began the search for a place; my friend asked a woman if she could stand along a little way. 'What do you want?' she snapped. 'I want to make room for one more,' 'Well, you can't get her in there. This place is full.' Again and again she tried, with no better success. Then she noticed that only one girl stood at the end of a bin, and she took me there. She stood right in the middle and rather grudgingly moved along the least bit; but I had a place. My friend secured a box (I have wondered ever since how she did it) and some wrapping-paper, and then called the floor-walker to teach me how to wrap a pear.

Now, if any one imagines that wrapping a pear to make it look smooth and round at one end and pointed at the other end is an easy matter, just let him try it. The young lady told me how to place the pear in the paper, and how to fold the paper. It seemed easy when I saw her do it, and I thought I knew all about it and went to work. I tried again and again. Then I watched the girl at my left. 'Can't you do it?' she asked, pleasantly. 'No, I can't,' I replied. 'See,' she said: 'hold your paper so, place your pear so, then fold this way and that way, and you have it.' I thanked her, tried again, and did it.

I was soon greatly interested in trying to fill my box as quickly as my neighbor, with eyes and mind intent upon my work, when all of a sudden the whole roomful made a rush for the door. And, oh, what a rush! Running, pushing, elbow-digging, anything to get along and get ahead. What could be the matter? Was the place on fire? I stood still, staring around, 'Come on, if you want any boxes.' I grasped the idea and started, determined to see it all. When I got outside, a span of horses drawing a great waggon-load of empty boxes had just stopped. In an instant up went many hands. As they could reach only the bottom boxes, they pulled them out, and down tumbled the whole pile, hitting them on the head and shoulders. How they pushed and how they grabbed! In less than sixty seconds the waggon was empty, and the workers were marching back to their place with their booty. I managed to secure two boxes as they fell fell down upon me. 'Didn't you get but two?' asked my neighbor. 'No. That was all that I could get.' 'Well,' she advised, 'you must get out there quicker next time, and make a dive as soon as the waggon stops.'

The whole thing had taken but a very few minutes, and again the workers were intent upon filling the boxes as quickly as possible. It was piece-work—four cents for the larger and two cents for the smaller boxes, and a few of the swiftest ones made about two dollars per day. I had to wait several times during the afternoon because I could not grab as many boxes as the rest. Some of my neighbors had boxes left over when the next load came. Think you they would give me a box? No favors were granted there.

Once during the afternoon I was working away diligently when suddenly my left-hand neighbor grabbed my bunch of wrapping-paper, and a lively tilt went on between her and a woman who had sneaked up to snatch my paper. I learned then that the manager had run out of paper and it might be some minutes before a fresh supply came. As my neighbor laid the paper back, she remarked: 'If it hadn't been for me you'd have lost the whole of it. You've just got to keep your eyes open and look out for yourself, or you won't earn your salt.' She had an eye to business, for in a few minutes she had used all her paper, and of course I loaned her half of mine.

The next afternoon I went again. As I began to work I wondered what was the mat-

ter. Every one talking—no one hurrying—some were even eating pears. The floor-walker came around and told me to lay the pears in rows and make them look extra fine. I did as I was instructed, and worked as fast as I could. Presently my neighbor said, You need not hurry so fast. The rest of us are not going to.' 'The more boxes I fill, the more money I get,' I threw out as a leader. 'Oh, they don't pay by the box now. We're paid by the day. One dollar a day.' Paid by the day—that was the cause of this change. I was not surprised when a moment later one of the girls offered me her last box. Neither was I surprised to see each one waiting for the boxes to be brought to them. The firm tried paying by the day because they were anxious that the work should be done extra well; but they were obliged to go back to piecework, for they found that they could not afford to pay by the day.

Selfishness, I said to myself, is at the bottom of all the trouble between capital and labor; each side working for its own interest, caring not the least bit whether the other side has profit or loss.

A Half-done Girl.

'I don't know what Aunt Emily could have meant,' reflected Edith absently, as she partly closed the open book she was reading. 'Perhaps 'twas nothing after all, but it makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't heard it; but it wasn't my fault; I wasn't eavesdropping!'

'Something you heard at Aunt Emily's troubles you, dear?'

'I had almost forgotten you were in the room, mother,' and Edith turned quickly in her chair, a slight flush indicating her embarrassment. 'Yes; it was when I called there this morning for her pattern. I heard something she said to Florence, and it's made me feel uncomfortable ever since. The worst of it is, mother, I can't understand what it was she meant.'

'Do you mind telling me? Perhaps I can explain. I'm sure your aunt never would have said anything intentionally to cause her niece the slightest pain.'

'I know she wouldn't purposely,' said Edith, looking soberly into the grate. 'Florence wanted to make some slippers like those I have started for father's birthday.' Edith hesitated, the flush on her face taking on a deeper tinge.

'Well, dear?'

'Aunt Emily told her when she had finished her breakfast shawl for grandmother, she might, but that she didn't want her to become like her cousin Edith—a half-done girl!'

Mrs. Ferguson was silent a minute; her expression, however, clearly indicated that her sister's remark was understood.

'What was it, mother, she meant?' asked Edith, anxiously, breaking the silence.

'To-morrow morning I'll tell you, dear,' replied Mrs. Ferguson, slowly. 'Come to my room after the work is done, and I'll explain.'

'It's just the opportunity I've waited for to make Edith realize her unfortunate habit, that's growing upon her constantly,' thought Mrs. Ferguson, late that evening, as she gathered from room to room an armful of partly-completed articles. 'I trust my exhibition, after her aunt's remark, may accomplish what my suggestions and advice for months have failed to do,' and, with a sigh, Mrs. Ferguson laid on the table her collection of Edith's half-finished articles.

The next day, after the morning's work was over, Mrs. Ferguson called Edith into her room.

'Is what Aunt Emily referred to very bad?' asked Edith, anxiously. 'I'll dread to have you tell?'

'I think I shall not have to, dear. My exhibition will explain it all.'

'Exhibition!' exclaimed Edith curiously, as she looked all around.

'Come over to the table, Edith,' said Mrs. Ferguson, kindly. 'Doesn't this explain?'

'I don't see how! Here's—where did you get all these things? The set of doilies I started for you last Christmas! I'd forgotten all about them. I remember I gave you a book instead. And there's the cape I began for my grandmother, and the fruit-piece Aunt Emily wanted me to paint for her dining-room. I remember I was going to finish it after the oranges came into the market, for one needs the very best when painting from still-life.'

'Where did you find that little book of pressed mosses I was beginning to arrange for the church sociable? Oh, I remember so well the day Margaret Leslie and I tramped through Townsend's woods after those. We were so very particular to get the very softest and greenest mosses, for that book was to be a wonder. And'—

Mrs. Ferguson looked into her daughter's face.

'But I don't see what these things have to do with what Aunt Emily said to Florence.' Edith picked up part of a doll's dress she had begun weeks before for little Mary, the sick child of her mother's laundress.

'Don't they explain?' asked Mrs. Ferguson, gently. 'In what condition are all the things you find on that table?'

'I see now,' faltered Edith, slowly, the look of enquiry on her face giving place to one of pain. 'They are all half-done! That's what Aunt Emily meant when she called me a half-done girl!'

'And that's the kind of a girl my daughter doesn't wish to be,' said Mrs. Ferguson, drawing Edith to her side. 'And now how can she best show that she doesn't intend longer to be what her aunt not unjusly called her?'—'Canadian Churchman.'

Our Feathered Friends in Winter.

To the winter birds, food is the most important of all things, and if food is regularly offered them they will make daily journeys to the feeding place. Crumbs and seeds will attract sparrows of many sorts. Small grain will bring the quail, the doves, the jays, and the blackbirds. Meat or fat will lead woodpeckers and chickadees and nuthatches and brown creepers and kinglets to become daily visitors to the home, and after they have all learned the location of the food, they will continue their visits, even though now and then the supply should be forgotten and the visit be fruitless.

After the food has been put out for the birds, it may take a few days for them to discover it, and one should not be discouraged if immediate advantage is not taken of the proffered hospitality. For the food offered to the grain-eating birds, a place should be chosen which is sheltered and warm, and care should be taken that the supply be not covered up by snow, and that if devoured by the domestic fowls it shall be renewed. It will be found that after the birds have discovered the food, the news of it will spread rapidly, and the number of those which come to eat will constantly increase. For the flesh-eating birds, strips of meat or bits of fat should be tacked up in the trees, and renewed from time to time, but often the red squirrel may discover these supplies before the birds do, and devour them with great relish. It may thus be necessary to choose between feeding the squirrels and feeding the birds, but the farmer usually has little liking for the red squirrel which destroys the corn in his crib in a most impudent and offensive way.

When the birds first come up to feed they are shy and easily frightened away. Those who discover them at their repast should at first keep out of sight and show themselves little by little instead of suddenly. It will not take long for the feathered visitors to become accustomed to their hosts, and to regard them no longer as enemies, but as kindly friends.—'Forest and Stream.'

Barney's Ox Sense.

(Mary Morrison, in the 'Dominion Presbyterian.')

'If you think you'll do it, you will, Theodore Parkins; that's all there is to it.' Aunt Jane emphasized her remarks by a peremptory flourish of the dishcloth. 'Nobody ever goes and does a thing offhand; its got to be in their mind first. If you hadn't thought you could get that swarm of bees out of the big basswood, last spring, and save the swarm, you would have found a thousand obstacles in the way that never showed up, being you'd made up your mind to do it. Nobody ever made anything of themselves unless they set out to and I s'pose, too, that nobody ever did any great piece of rascality unless their thoughts led 'em in that direction first. It's a rule that works both ways, I shouldn't wonder,' she added reflectively, as she wiped the dishpan and turned it over in the sun.

Ted turned away impatiently. He was used to Aunt Jane's lectures. It took something beside thought, up here in Kenosha county, to earn twenty-five dollars. Why, he hadn't seen twenty-five cents in a month. If he ever got a day's work, he had to take store trade for pay, he thought, disgustedly, as he went out to the wood-lot where his thoroughbred shorthorn steers were grazing. He wouldn't sell Bob and Barney, not if he never went to school.

He let down the bars and whistled shrilly on his fingers and listened; then he whistled again, and presently he heard a crashing through the bush. It was the same call they had all learned to obey when as calves they had nibbled cold pancakes out of his fingers. Now they looked almost alarming as they ran toward him, their sharp horns gleaming white in the sunlight, but they stopped quietly beside him to lick at the lump of salt he took from his pocket.

'You'll stay on the place as long as I do, won't you, boys? And that will be as long as you live, I reckon. We have always been chums; we ain't selling out on chums—just yet.'

'Haw round, Bob.' He put the yoke on Bob's neck and fitted the key into the bow; then he motioned to Barney, who walked obediently up beside his mate while his young master fastened the bow. Then he drove them down to the barn and hitched them up to the lumber waggon. They stood patiently while he went into the house for his coat.

Mother was just putting a wild strawberry turnover into his dinner pail as a finish to his cold dinner. 'You won't be back till night, I suppose,' she said.

'No, I don't expect to get done much before night. It's rough ploughing amongst those stumps.'

'Well, buckwheat fetches a good price most generally,' Aunt Jane remarked thriftily. 'And it always makes good pancakes, son,' added his mother, as Ted went out to the road.

Rank fireweeds grew along the black muck road and sifted little clouds of down with every breeze; straggling blackberry vines white with blossoms dotted the thick green undergrowth and here and there a pink wild rose blossomed modestly, but Ted had appreciative eyes for their commonplace everyday beauty. He was pondering the situation of affairs. It was something unusual for him. He wanted twenty-five dollars by the first of September. How he was to get it he had not the slightest idea, but he meant to have it.

'Aunt Jane will figure it out someway, I s'pose, but I'd rather cipher it out for myself. She'll have enough to do with the work and the milkin', and watchin' out that John don't slight none of the chores if I go out to Uncle Theodore's to school this winter. If—there ain't any if about it. I'm a'goin',' he decided, doggedly, as the waggon jolted along over the crossway that ran alongside the big cedar swamp. The grass grew rank and green right over the fence. It was the only piece of woodland fenced in about the country with the exception of their own. There were so many pit-falls and sink-holes, and so many cattle had strayed away and mired there that the men had clubbed together and built a brush hedge around it as a safeguard.

Nathan Dayhoff stood by the road fence as he drove past.

'Hello, Ted! Got your buckwheat in yet?'

'Not quite. I'll sow to-morrow if it don't rain.'

'Bet you won't sow to-morrow.' Nathan's tones were quizzical.

'Bet you I will.' Ted's tones were obstinate.

Nathan laughed tantalizingly. 'Don't want to earn twenty-five dollars then, I s'pose. Make more money scatterin' a peck o' buckwheat.'

'What you drivin' at, anyhow?'

'You're doin' the drivin' 'pears to me.'

'Oh, g'wan. I can't gab here all day.' Ted flecked a big Pontiacker fly from Barney's back with his braided whiplash.

'Ever hear tell of my Uncle Ezra? Well, he's come here visitin'. Him and dad have gone out around the country to ask the folks to a loggin' bee here to-morrow, and Ezra is going to offer twenty-five dollars to the best broke, smartest yoke of oxen that can put up three logheaps the neatest and the quickest. I s'pose you calculate yourn's the best broke and the smartest. I know Dan Purdy thinks his'n is, and prob'ly there's several more that's just as conceity. Reckon we'll get our patch clogged up pretty spry.'

Ted opened his eyes in amaze at such a reckless expenditure of money. 'What is he goin' to do that for? He ain't got anything in it, has he?'

'Oh, money ain't no object with Uncle Ezra. He ain't no slouch with a yoke of cattle, himself; says there ain't one man in fifty knows enough to break a yoke of steers. He used to own some pretty smart cattle himself. Guess he has got an idee there ain't any more such in the country. He's willin' to pay something to find out, you see.'

Ted nodded. He could understand the pride of ownership in a fine yoke of cattle broke to hand. 'What's the time?' he asked.

'One o'clock sharp! But you're goin' to sow buckwheat, you know,' he called as the waggon jolted down the road.

Twenty-five dollars! and his steers were the smartest and best broke, except, perhaps, Dan Purdy's black Galloways, and they were no better. They were heavier, but not so quick motioned, and they couldn't obey the word any more quickly. There were no others in the country of whom he need stand in fear. Twenty-five dollars in one afternoon. It seemed like a fortune that had come to him unexpectedly, for he meant to try for it and to win.

Perhaps Dan would not go; he was odd about some things. Maybe his steers were off in the woods; if so it would take a day at least to hunt them up. It was the custom among the farmers in that vicinity to turn their cattle out to feed in the unfenced woodland, after the spring work was over, and they sometimes strayed to a considerable distance. Dan had turned his out last year, and he had finished putting in his buckwheat over a week ago. If they would only lose themselves for a day or so. Dan didn't need the money so very much. He had a father to take the brunt of things.

It was sundown when he hitched the steers to the waggon and started for home. The mosquitoes rose in a cloud from the rank grass about the big swamp as he bumped over the crossway, whistling cheerily. He usually whistled when he was out alone with the steers; they seemed to like it somehow. Halfway across a spring bubbled clear and cold from under an upturned cedar. He generally stopped here for a drink, and sometimes he watered the steers. Now they stopped and waited for him to do so again. He got down and dipping up a pailful set it before Bob, who drank it down in long satisfying gulps. Barney threw up his head and lowed loudly. He was answered immediately by another ox away to the right in the dense verdure of the swamp.

Ted jumped up on a log and peered into the intricate network of growth. He could hear an occasional crackling of brush and once he caught sight of a dark moving object. He gave a start of surprise.

'Somebody's cattle are in the swamp. I wonder—' He would not voice the question that sprang suddenly into his mind, but he could not resist a feeling of elation. After all, it was none of his business; all he had to do was to attend strictly to his own affairs. 'Folks ought to keep track of their cattle.'

He dipped up a pail of water for Barney and walked along a few steps. Yes, here was where they had broke in. Such a fence as that was no good, anyway; anybody could see it was not fit to turn stock. He hesitated a moment, then he furtively replaced a few saplings that had been pushed off the top and went back to the waggon and drove on, but he did not whistle. Instead he scanned the darkening forest eagerly, but he did not see anything. Only once he heard an ox bawl long and mournfully.

At home he could not bring himself to tell mother and Aunt Jane of his prospects for to-morrow. He only said he had promised Nate Dayhoff to help them log in the afternoon.

He spent the next forenoon in the barn polishing up his old yoke. He had a bright new one, but he knew better than to let them wear it. 'Old shoes fit best,' he said to himself. If any of the neighbors passed he did not see them. After dinner he yoked the steers and threw the log chain over the yoke.

There were several pairs of cattle standing about when he drove into the yard, but Dan Purdy's black Galloways were not among them. He watched each new arrivel anxiously, but he did not ask any questions.

The piece of ground had been fitted up in excellent shape. It was burned clear of brush and everything had been cut into handy logging lengths. There were to be four rollers to each team and each team was to make three heaps; that would give them all an equal chance and allow for any extra roughness of ground.

Two teams would operate at one time which would give a better opportunity to contrast their manner of handling logs. Ted stood back with his arm over Barney's neck and watched proceedings.

Sam Whitbeck was first in the field with old Duke and Dime. Ted remembered seeing them at logging bees at least eight years ago. It took noise and buckskin lash to get them down to business, but Sam knew how to use both. They were matched against Andrew Thompson's mulleys, who were used to being driven with a brad. Ted shivered every time he saw the sharp point thrust cruelly into their bones followed by drops of bright blood. The dumb cowed look in their great eyes turned him sick. He was glad when Ezra Dayhoff ruled them and their driver off the field.

Lanty Moore took his place. His oxen were common scrubs, but they put up their heaps in sixty minutes, beating Sam by a good quarter of an hour. The Bijah Bump and Posy Hale took their places. They finished up in an hour and a quarter and an hour and twenty minutes, and were met with shouts of derision.

Then Nate motioned to Ted. 'Go on and show 'em some drivin', Ted,' he urged eagerly, but Ted shook his head.

'No use waitin' fer Dan; he's hunted all day for Nig and Darky. Something must have happened to them, I guess; they never stayed away so before,' continued Nate.

He watched Ote Higging and Shorty Rogers take the field, in a dream. He did not notice the cheers that greeted their admirable management; he heard instead the long-drawn, plaintive bellow of an ox calling for help. He hooked the log chain over the gate post and slipped away unnoticed. It was only half an hour's walk to the place where he had put up the saplings the night before.

There were no paths through the big swamp except those made by the wild creatures and he jumped from one moss grown log to another. The bogs shook and trembled beneath his impetuous plunges, but he kept on. Here and there he saw tracks half filled with miry ooze, leading deeper and deeper into the cool depths where the grass lay in luxuriant swaths, too heavy to stand. A slim dapper blue racer glided swiftly across his path and a spotted water snake slid lazily off a log into the slimy water, but he only gave them passing notice.

Upturned cedars held deep sullen pools under their branching roots any one of which was of sufficient depth to mire an ox; treacherous pitfalls yawned beneath tempting masses of verdure. He came upon a pile of bleached bones. They were all that remained of Dave McBain's only cow. He had pried her out of the slough for the poor pittance of her hide which was all she had to give him. Ted turned his head away from their suggestive ghastliness. He was realizing the existence of several kinds of danger to-day. Barney had known of one sort; his ox sense had told him to give a warning call, but he, Ted, had been content with putting up the fence. Once he paused to listen and call, 'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' It was the call Dan had always used. Dan's father had come from New Jersey. Ted had always laughed to hear it; now it came awkwardly from his lips. 'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!'

Away to the right he heard an answering low, and his heart gave a joyous bound.

It was almost sunset when he drove Darkey and Nig into old man Purdy's barnyard, covered with mud and slime.

He came out to meet them. 'Found 'em in the big swamp, eh? Well, I swan! Never

knew 'em to go in that direction before. It's a mercy they didn't mire. Have to turn out and rig up the old fence a little, I guess. Dan? Oh, he went over to Dayhoff's a spell ago. He wanted to see your steers haul in the twenty-five dollars. Said he knew Darkey and Nig wouldn't stand no show with 'em for speed. He'll be tickled plum to death to think you found 'em and got 'em out safe. Must have took a pile of tackin' and turnin'.'

Ted put up the bars and turned away. He hoped the teams would be gone when he got back, but they were all there waiting and the teamsters set up a shout when he entered the gate.

'Come and get your money, Ted. The steers just naturally waltzed right through the figger; never lost a step and won it slick as a whistle. Never knowed a yoke to go to a loggin' bee all by their selves and put up a heap in fifteen minutes by the clock, before! kept it right up, too.'

Ted looked from one to the other in a dazed way. Were they making sport? Mr. Ezra Dayhoff came up and shook him by the hand.

'I'm proud to know a boy that can break a yoke of steers to work like that,' he said. 'They tell me you broke them?'

'Yes, sir.' Ted blushed girlishly.

'I never took a better yoke of cattle in hand in my life, and I've handled some pretty handy yokes. Clear cut they are and spry as colts. I see you drive them as I always do, in an ordinary tone of voice. Some folks seem to think an ox is deaf, but mine never seem to be hard of hearing.' He glanced quizzically around the group. 'Perhaps I took a liberty in driving them, but the boys all agreed that if they'd work under a strange driver they deserved their good luck, so as you did not come, I took your place. I wouldn't have missed seeing them pull for a good deal.

Ted stammered out his thanks as he took the money. 'I'm much obliged to you, sir. Prob'ly they done better for you than they would for me.'

'I'd give it all if Nig and Darkey could have had a show, too. It's just as mean to cheat an ox as 'tis to cheat a boy, but when you've cheated of 'em both it makes a feller feel pretty mean, don't it, old boy?' he told Barney when he went to hitch up and Barney put his cold nose to his master's cheek as if he understood.

'And just supposing they had mired, mother,' he said after he had relieved his feelings by making a clean breast of the matter. 'Of course I didn't know it was Nig and Darkey, but I felt dead sure. I don't know what ever made me do it; I never did such a mean trick before,' he said contritely.

'I told you it would work both ways, Ted, you remember,' declared Aunt Jane triumphantly. 'I s'pose you was wishing you could keep Dan out of it some way and when the chance come, why you just naturally took it, that's all. A body wants to watch out what sort of thoughts they let into their minds, for thoughts always come first—then deeds.'

This opportunity of applying her lecture was too good to be neglected, and for once Ted could only bow a meek acquiescence.

Worth Remembering.

'Make good use of other men's brains.'

'Best time is present time.'

'Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.'

'The man who does the little thing well is always ready to do the big thing better.'

'Doing nothing is doing ill.'

'Not in pulling down, but in building up, does man find pure joy.'

'Books like friends, should be few and well chosen.'

'Zeal without knowledge is a runaway horse.'

'Lessons hard to learn are sweet to know.'

'A word to the wise is enough.'

'Heaven helps them that help themselves.'

'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor; the used key is always bright.'

'The sleeping fox catches no poultry.'—Ex.

Short Grammar.

The whole science of grammar cannot be included in twenty lines of verse, but the ten couplets which are here given have started many young learners upon the difficult road which leads to the mastery of language:

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an and the.

A noun's the name of anything
As school or garden, hook or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her head, his hand, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done –
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through the door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As, Oh, how pretty! Ah, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.
—Exchange.

German Affability.

'Hearty greetings to the Frau Doctor F. from the Frau Professor W., who hopes that the gracious Frau Doctor and her family are all well and would the gracious Frau Doctor tell the Frau Professor how many pounds of goose feathers go to a pair of pillows?'

Something after this stately fashion does a housemaid in Germany who prides herself ond her good manners, deliver a message from her mistress. This stilted language takes time, but short speech and a brusque manner find scanty tolerance in the Fatherland.

The street car conductor knows this, and he civilly touches his hat as he asks his fare, and if perchance you have given him a penny over the amount, he will set you down at your station with a friendly adieu!

Enter any little knick-knack shop to buy perhaps a paper of needles, and a pleasant smile and good-day will greet you from the busy employees. However trifling your purchase, the honor of your gracious patronage is begged for a future occasion, and every one in the shop is for the moment your obedient servant.—Rachel Carew, in 'The Pilgrim.'

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The Diary.

(F. E. C. Robbins, in 'Youth's Companion.')

The look of satisfaction on Caleb Jenkins's face when he came home one afternoon attracted attention almost as soon as the bulky parcel that he carried in his hand.

'What on earth have you got now that you're so tickled over?' demanded his wife. She took the parcel from Caleb's unresisting hands.

He watched her with a kind of fascination while she impatiently tore off the brown wrapping-paper, and as she brought to view something that looked like an overgrown account book he found voice to say, 'It's only a diary.'

'A diary!' echoed Mrs. Jenkins. 'Just as though you had patience enough to keep a diary! I should judge by the size of the book that you expected to write in it every day, and live to be a hundred, at that!' Then, as she opened the book, she exclaimed, 'Why, it's been used! Somebody has palmed off a second-hand diary on to you, Caleb Jenkins!'

'Oh, that's why I bought it. I wanted to see if I couldn't floor Zenas Perkins with it once in a while. You see, Zenas has got to be considerable of a nuisance with that diary of his, that he's kept for a dozen years or more.

'He doesn't allow anybody else to know anything. If anybody remarks that this is about the warmest October that he ever saw, why, Zenas is ready to prove that the mercury averaged to run higher in October only two years ago.

'Then he's always wanting to know if we remember that it is just so many years ago today that Joel Pike's barn burned, or that something or other else happened. Only the other day I was saying that Cap'n Baker's third wife hadn't been dead more'n six months when he married his fourth, and Zenas took me right up, and got his diary, and showed by it that the cap'n had remained a widower just eight months and eleven days.

'You can't bring up a nameable thing but Zenas is waiting to pounce on you with his diary. And I don't believe he's right more'n half the time. I calc'late he doesn't keep the diary along regular, but writes it up at odd jobs rainy days.'

'I s'posed Zenas spent his rainy days hanging about the store, like some other folks I know.'

'Time and again, 'continued Caleb, disregarding his wife's thinly veiled allusion, 'I've thought of keeping one myself; but a diary has to have some age before it's good for very much, and Zenas had most too much of a start.

'One day when I had an errand at old Uncle Artemas Baxter's, I found him writing in a big book, and he remarked that he had kept a diary for thirty odd years, and I thought then that I'd kinder like to get hold of it. Well, when the old gentleman passed away, and I heard that his son-in-law, Seth Strout, was a-disposing of the household goods, I recollected the diary, and I thought I'd see if I couldn't dicker for it. I've just come from Seth's, and there's the book. I'm going to read it all through, and then I'm going to keep it along myself, and we'll see if Zenas Perkins will be the only authority on happenings in Pondtown!'

'How much did you pay for that book?' asked Mrs. Jenkins. 'If you paid for it by weight it must have come to considerable.'

'Well, I paid three and a half for it. I offered two, and Seth wanted five, and finally we split the difference.'

'Three dollars and a half! Well, I never did!' and Mrs. Jenkins retired to the kitchen, leaving her husband to the undisturbed perusal of his dearly bought treasure.

When she looked in on him, an hour later,

Caleb was still poring over the book, but the exultation had faded from his eyes.

'Alvira,' he said, mournfully, 'I've spent three dollars and a half dreadful foolish.'

'I guess that's no news, Caleb Jenkins,' was the curt reply.

'Now just listen to this,' said Caleb, too much absorbed in his trouble to notice his wife's displeasure. 'This is one day's record: "October the eighteenth. O, the corruption in high places! O the wickedness that stalks abroad! We have indeed fallen upon evil times. I myself am as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward. Rheumatism about as yesterday. Applied skunk's oil, but derived no benefit."

'There, it's just like that, Alvira, all through the diary. There is plenty of the old gentleman's reflections and accounts of his ailments and what he took for'em, but there's nothing about the weather, and I haven't run across a single event yet.

'This book isn't wuth a red cent to me, Alvira,' he continued, bitterly. 'Of course Seth wouldn't take it back. I believe I'll heave it into the stove.'

'Oh, no, Caleb, don't do that!' said the good woman, her heart softened by her husband's dejection. 'I need just such a book. I'm always wanting to press leaves and flowers, you know, and pretty much all of the books in the house are full. That diary will be just the thing. I'm proper glad you got it, Caleb.'

How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.

(L. T. Meade, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

The poor people of Armeskillig were by this time too much accustomed to death to grieve as they would do in ordinary days for those whom starvation had taken from them. Nora's heart indeed felt like lead; but she shed no tears over her dead parents. On the contrary, she gravely and quietly performed the last offices for them, then turned to leave the little cabin.

Before doing so, however, she cast a swift glance round the desolate abode. Was there anything which an avaricious neighbor could steal? No; the little cabin was bare and empty. Nothing was to be found there, but the straw on which the dead pair lay side by side, and the empty pot hanging over the fireless hearth. She was leaving, satisfied on this point, when something seemed to impel her to return, to stand on tiptoe and examine a shelf which from her situation on the floor seemed empty. She moved her hand softly along its dusty top, then started back—it had come into contact with something unexpected. She drew down from the shelf a small box. Forgotten for many years must this box have lain. Nora brought it to the fast-failing light and opened it, for it was only fastened by a rusty key, which was in the lock; inside, lying on wadding, which still was dry, lay something round, large and glittering. Nora uttered an exclamation of astonishment and delight, then slipped it on her arm. She did not half know its value; it was in truth a gold bracelet of massive workmanship, probably saved from some wreck; it might buy a meal, however, and putting box and all into her pocket, she at last turned the key on the old couple, who would never know earthly care or disturbance again.

That night Nora showed what she had found to her husband. ''Tis pretty, Mike,' she said, 'and I'm thinking as Mrs. Mahony, the baker's wife at Farringalway, would may be give me a loaf or two for it. I'll put me cloak on and run wid it to her in the morning.'

But Mike knew more of money and of the value of metals than Nora. He examined the bracelet very carefully, rubbing it on his sleeve as he did so, then with a flash in his big black eyes he turned and clutched his wife's thin arm.

'Nora, agra!' he exclaimed. 'Why, Nora, girl, 'tis gowld, 'tis rale gowld, and we can sell it and get money for it, and we'll have food, we and our little one. Oh, Nora!' and with that the poor fellow, weakened and excited by long fasting, laid his big head on the little deal table and fairly sobbed aloud.

* * * * * * * *

CHAPTER VI.

A horseman who had galloped hard drew suddenly up at the cabin door. The horse was spattered and had foam about its mouth, and the man also looked tired from very fast riding. Nora and her husband both ran to the door.

'I'm told,' said the man, as he dismounted and came towards them, 'that a young woman who was known as a child by the name of Nora O'Neale lives here.'

'Yes,' said Nora, 'I am she. What do you want with me?'

'Did you as a little child save a gentleman called Hudson from the wreck of the 'New York'?'

'Yes—oh, yes; and have ye news of the good gentleman?'

'Well, I believe I have. Anyhow, here's a letter for you.'

With these words he placed a large blue envelope in Nora's hand.

'Please read it at once,' he said, 'for I have ridden a long way, and I wait for instructions.

Nora could not read; but Mike could. He turned back with her into the litle cabin, and as he read the words of the letter aloud Nora held her boy in her arms.

'Nora Crena,' began the strange writing—'Nora Crena, I have not forgotten you; the man you saved from the sea has never let your pretty face fade from his memory. I have heard of the terrible distress of your people in Ireland. I have heard that that distress is worse in your part of the country almost than in any other. Nora, that purse of gold you gave me was blessed; with it I won back the fortune I had lost on board the 'New York.' I am a rich man again. I know that you are very, very poor now, and it is my turn to save you. Nora, as you read this letter, one of my largest ships waits at anchor in the harbor nearest to you. It is filled with meal and flour, and every other provision that I could think of. It belongs to you—to you, to do what you can with, to help you, to give to your own people, and to all the other people you love in your home and round your home. I believe this ship-load will save you all until the worst of the dark days are over. As I write this letter to you, and send off these provisions, I feel that the proudest and happiest moment of my life has come. Now I ask for one other tiny favor at your hands. You told me that sometimes, long after the wreck of a vessel, treasures from it were washed ashore. Nora, if a small wooden box, containing a gold bracelet, was ever rescued from the 'New York,' will you send it to me? The bracelet was the only thing I possessed belonging to my mother.

'Yours, my dear, with every blessing for now and hereafter, JOHN HUDSON.'

Who can describe the excitement of the little place when the news of Nora's letter became known—the cheers which arose from weak lungs, the tears of joy which dropped fast from sunken eyes; and how one and all, when the carts and waggons containing the good flour, the abundance of Indian meal, and even some sacks of their own beloved potatoes, appeared in sight, every one—man, woman, and child—went out to meet them! And what a merry, and yet again what a solemn time had Nora that night, as she distributed these good gifts of God with her own hands, to all, to friend and foe alike!

* * * * * * * *

That is not all. The ship with its contents brought back hope to Armeskillig—hope and life and strength—and not only to Armeskillig, but to all the country round. No more people from that neighborhood died for want of food, for the contents of Nora's ship, as it was called, saved them all. And Nora—who now lived in a superior cottage, provided by the same kindness which sent the ship, and which not one heart in Armeskillig begrudged her—remained a heroine to her dying day.

THE END.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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German Finance and German Parties—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Finnish Diet—Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London.
The Welsh Revival Movement—The 'Daily News,' London.
The People of Wales: What the Collier is Like—The 'Daily News,' London.
God in His World—From the Recent Sermon Preached at Harvard by Lyman Abbott—The 'Outlook,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Grove's Dictionary of Music—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Animals' Love for Music—The 'Musical News,' London.
The Encore Fiend—'Musical Opinion,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Warfare—Poem, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Loss of the Individual Ideal—By Henry W. Clark, in the 'Week's Survey,' London.
The House of Blackwood—The 'Morning Post,' London.
From Lamb's Commonplace Book—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Art of Letter-writing—The 'Outlook,' London.
The Gordon Cummings—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
'Hana, a Daughter of Japan'—The Manchester 'Guardian.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Tale Without a Moral—The 'Onlooker,' London.
Cracks in the Moon's Crust—The New York 'Tribune.'
Water Divining in Manchester—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Heights of Sea Waves—Professor R. A. Gregory, F.R.A.S., in the 'Leisure Hour.'
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Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

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How Betty Guarded the Gate.

(Elizabeth Flint Wade, in 'Little Folks.')

Alice and Betty Wall's home is on the third floor of a large apartment-house in a large city, and their play-ground is the street. When they went last July to spend a month in the country, at their grandmother's, their joy in the outdoor life cannot be described.

'I'm so glad you thought to live in the country, grandmother,' said Alice. 'It's so big, and so wide! I want to stay here always!'

'I wonder,' said six-year-old Betty, who was a thoughtful child, and always reasoned about things, 'I wonder why they don't build cities in the country, where there is more room!'

Now grandmother had a charming old fashioned garden, in which grew the most delicious fruits and vegetables, besides long rows of old-time flowers. Everything seemed to like to grow for grandmother. Alice and Betty found great delight in this garden, and helped grandmother weed and prune, and enjoyed the fresh fruits and flowers.

One morning the three went out to see if there were enough ripe strawberries for a shortcake. As they went down the path, what did they see lying on the ground but the gate which opened into the street!

'Why, why!' said grandmother. 'How did that happen? And the hinges are broken, too and your grandfather has gone to the upper meadow, and won't be back till supper time! We shall have to try to fix up the gate ourselves, else-something will come in and destroy the garden.'

But grandmother was not much of a carpenter, and the best she could do was to set up the gate, and tie it in place.

'Now, Alice and Betty,' said grandmother, 'you know what a little busybody Ned Noddy, Mr. Barker's donkey, is, and that wherever he can poke his nose his body is sure to follow. If Ned Noddy should spy our broken gate, he would push in, and eat up half we have. So we shall have to guard the gate all day. I must be busy in the house, and I want you to take turns watching it until your grandfather comes home. I will let you have the little alarm-clock to tell the time, and one of you can watch an hour, and the other be free until it is her turn. It is now nine o'clock, and as Alice is the older, she may begin. When it is ten o'clock it will be your turn Betty. You can bring your play-things down here, and play, but you must not go away from near the gate.'

THIS SIGN SHE PINNED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GATE.

The idea of being guards delighted the little girls. Alice shouldered a stick, and marched up and down in front of the gate, as she had seen the sentries do at the gate of the old fort.

Both sentinels kept faithful watch; but nothing came by except Widow Dobson's three geese, and they walked away when Betty waved her stick and called, 'Shoo! shoo!'

At noon-time what did grandmother do but bring out a little table—and they all took their lunch together in the shade of a graceful elm.

The morning hours had sped quickly, but the afternoon was hot and sultry; and when it was the turn of one to watch the gate the other ran away in search of amusement, being warned of her time by the watcher blowing a whistle which grandmother had tied to the gate-post.

At three o'clock it was Betty's turn to guard the gate.

'I am going away to play in the brook till it's my turn', said Alice. 'I shall make leaf boats, and watch them sail away.'

'Oh dear,' said Betty, 'I wish I could go too!'

'Well, you can when it's my turn to watch.' said Alice. And away she ran.

'Oh, I'm so tired and hot!' said Betty. 'I wish these old hinges had stayed mended.' Then a bright idea came to her.

'I wonder grandmother didn't think of this!' she said to herself as she took out her paints and a sheet of fresh paper. 'Probably it's cause she never lived in the city, and saw the signs that tell you not to go into places.'

Betty worked industriously, and soon she had painted a 'sign.' It read:

'Kepe out Of the GarDDen.'

This sign she pinned on the outside of the gate. She was about to put away her paints when she thought of the need of another sign. 'Ned Noddy will prob'bly see this sign,' she said, 'but I better have another one inside should he get in.'

So she took up her paint brush again, and presently she was pinning to one of the stakes which upheld the tomatoes a sign which read this way:

'Do not Pik Eny OF tHE thinGS.'

'There,' said she, as she wiped her dauby hands on her apron, 'that will make it all sure! Grandmother will be glad I thought of it. I'll run and tell her this minute.'

But though she called and searched the house, no grandmother could be found; so she ran to the orchard to tell Alice. Alice could not be found, either; and Betty sat down on the bank of the shady stream, took off her shoes and stockings, dabbled her feet in the cool water, and listened to the birds singing in the orchard, until, before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

She was just dreaming that a row of donkeys stood in front of the gate reading the sign and shaking their heads, and that Widow Dobson's gander was blowing the whistle for the geese to come and read it too, when she was wakened by a shrill shouting and hallooing, mingled with the sharp notes of the whistle, and heard close by her the sound of scampering feet. She opened her eyes just in time to see Ned Noddy capering down the orchard with his mouth full of juicy corn leaves.

Betty jumped up. Something must have happened to her signs! Grandmother's garden would be all eaten up! Never heeding the pebbles and thistles which scratched and bruised her little bare feet, she flew up the orchard path to the garden.

There was grandmother and Alice shooing Widow Dobson's geese thro' the open gateway, the gander protesting with his loudest hiss. With her help Ned Noddy was cornered in the orchard, a halter put on him, and then he was led meekly back through the rows of vegetables, and turned out again into the highway.

'O Betty, Betty,' said grandmother, as she set up the gate and tied the rope again about the posts, 'what made you leave the gate?'

'Why, grandmother,' said poor little tearful Betty, 'I put up the signs as they do in the city to tell 'em not to come in!'

There was a funny twinkle in grandmother's eye as Betty pointed out the fluttering signs.

'My child,' she said, 'did you really think donkeys and geese could read?'

'Maybe donkeys and geese can't in the country,' said Betty slowly; 'but I know city donkeys and geese can, for there are never any at all where the signs say: "Keep off the grass!"'—'Little Folks.'

A Missionary Lesson.

A ragged little group of newsboys and boot-blacks was gathered near the entrance of one of our railway stations a year or two ago, and as I came near I saw that they all felt bad about something. I didn't know what it was, and I don't know now; but I guessed, and so can you. This is what I heard:

'He was always for given' the other fellers a bite, Jimmy was!'

The boy that said it was a little smaller than the rest, a little dirtier, a little more ragged. As he rubbed the tears away with his little black fists, I couldn't help thinking that it was some mate of theirs that had just died that made them look so sad and sober.

Always for giving the other fellows a bite! 'Oh,' thought I, 'what an epitaph!' Could you think of anything grander to put on your tombstone when you are dead? People who have done great things in the world often have their goodness or greatness written out in marble and set up over their graves for all the world to read. I'd rather be my little nameless newsboy, with somebody to say that loving sentence through his tears.

You see it is something that anybody can earn. It doesn't need a penny of money. It is just simply sharing what you have. 'Not what we give, but what we share,' is the real charity. I suppose Jimmy's 'bite' was the bite of an apple, or of an orange, that somebody gave him, or maybe a piece of his own crust of bread when he was hungry. Don't you have things to give a 'bite of?' play things to lend, if you can't give them away? books? papers? sweetmeats? 'Go shares' with people in all of your good times. You don't need to have me tell you how.

A baby told me how, once, in the sweetest, funniest way! He was eating bread and milk, and made me take every other spoonful 'to sweeten it,' he said. 'Oo has to div somebody else a taste to sweeten it!' he kept telling me over and over. I thought of sour, wrinkled men and women going through life with their unsweetened pleasures, and I wished—oh, how I wished!—that I could set my sweet, wise baby preaching at them! And I will, too, if you'll only take this motto of his and practice it everywhere you have a chance and tell people about it. That's the way all the sermons get preached. One or two or a hundred people hear a thing, and they go out and tell the others. Are you sharing the story of Jesus' love with anybody? God didn't mean His gospel feast for you alone. Every time you give a missionary penny you are giving somebody a 'bite' like 'Jimmy.' It will make your own feast all the sweeter.—'Missionary Dayspring.'

Rules of Politeness for Children.

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.

2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters, and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.

4. Do not bluntly contradict any one.

5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.

6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.

7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.

8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.—'Pacific.'

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29.

Jesus and Nicodemus.

John iii., 1-15.

Golden Text.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 23.—John iii., 1-15.
Tuesday, Jan. 24.—John iii., 16-21, 31-36.
Wednesday, Jan. 25.—Rom. viii., 1-11.
Thursday, Jan. 26.—Rom. viii., 12-26.
Friday, Jan. 27.—I. Cor. xii., 4-13.
Saturday, Jan. 28.—II. Cor. iii., 1-18.
Sunday, Jan. 29.—Gal. v., 16-26.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The visit of Nicodemus to Jesus ought to be viewed in the light of events then transpiring. This ruler of the Jews has been severely criticized for the clandestine character of his visit. He has been characterized as constitutionally timid (Westcott), as having softness of constitution (Olshausen), and even as a despicable time-server (Eichorn). But it should be remembered that the ever-widening breach between the officials of the Hebrew Church and the reforming rabbi had already begun. As a class, they were his pronounced enemies. Nicodemus rose superior to the intense prejudice of his clique, at least to the extent of visiting the offending Teacher and inquiring into his doctrine. The wonder is not that he came by night, but that he came at all. Considering the perversity of the human heart—especially the heart of a ruler of the Jews—the action of this master in Israel is admirable.

Jesus had signalized the opening of his ministry by a series of miracles wrought in Jerusalem and at the feast-time. Most conspicuous hour and place! Nicodemus was one of many upon whom these signs had had their designed effect. He refers at once in his first polite address to the miracles as sufficient seals to the supernatural origin of Jesus' mission.

Jesus knew 'what was in' his visitor, his exact status. Here was a man superior to his class, but not wholly free from their prejudices; one profoundly interested in the kingdom of God, but not yet apprehending its spiritual character. The tenor of Jesus' uttered word fits exactly into the morrise of Nicodemus's thought.

The metaphor of a new birth was familiar to the Hebrew mind. They considered all proselytes to their faith as having been born again. What nonplussed Nicodemus was to be told that he could only come into the kingdom of God as the proselyte came into the Hebrew Church. He considered himself a charter member of that kingdom. Now, to find that it was not a question of a higher or a lower seat at the table, but of any seat at all—that was what dumbfounded him. 'He, Abraham's son, and in addition a Pharisee and ruler, and yet to be shut out with heathen "dogs"—it was incomprehensible!'

Confusion led this master in Israel to the silliest possible rejoinder. He seeks to parry the thrust and gain time by taking literally what he knew to be a figure of speech. His questions fairly die upon his lips.

Here is a lovely example of the gentleness of Jesus. He does not break the bending reed. He amplifies his first expression, 'Born again,' into 'born of water and the Spirit.' And further: 'Depravity can only beget depravity, but the Spirit can beget the spiritual. So the great need of humanity is to be "Spirit-born." This only is the way into the kingdom of God.'

This Spirit-birth is incomprehensible. But this is no insuperable objection to it; for there are a good many 'earthly things' that can not be understood. The invisible, imponderable breath of nature—who knows it exhaustively? But who doubts its existence, so long as it gives its audible token? Who would refuse to avail himself of it for either his lungs or his sails because he cannot know all about it?

As Rudolf Stier well says: 'A hard figure had humbled to the position of learner, a master in Israel.' In his very question as to the manner Nicodemus admits the fact of a new birth into the kingdom of heaven.

Well may Luther call this 'the Bible in miniature' (Bibel im kleinen), and Stier describe it as 'the most sublime and simple expresssion of the eternal mystery of redemption which the Scriptures contain.'

NOTES FROM COMMENTARIES.

A man: From the people collectively, to whom Jesus had addressed himself, a transition is now made to his dealing with an individual.—Luthardt. Pharisee, ruler: Circumstances account for prominence given incident. —New Century. Came to Jesus by night: In secret, so as not to be observed. This he could easily do, because the steps to the guest-chamber, the upper room, were on the outside of the house, as to-day in Palestine and often in Italy. He went by night (1) because common prudence would lead him so to do. It was not wise to commit himself till he knew more about the new Teacher. He would not launch out on an unknown voyage over an unknown sea. (2) The quiet evening hour, after the public work and teaching of Jesus were over, and the crowds had retired to their homes, was by far the best time for this purpose. (3) He would wish not to be interfered with by curious observers, but would have a heart-to-heart talk with Jesus.—Peloubet. Rabbi: Accords the dignity denied by many.—Lange. Verily, verily, I say: One of the great cardinal truths of the kingdom of heaven solemnly introduced.—Lange. Except: An answer to what was in Nicodemus's mind rather than what he actually said.—New Century. A man be born: Jesus gave Nicodemus to understand that he had not yet reached the forecourt of true knowledge. When he requires the new birth from above as the condition of seeing the kingdom, he means according to the analogy of the Jewish designation of proselytes, or born again, primarily: Except a man come out from the old system, become a proselyte, publicly commit himself to a new position. Birth from above demands a great transition. Nicodemus would privately assure him of the adhesion of a party of the Pharisees, implying the presumption that he would attach himself to the old order of things. Jesus demands of him a proselytism wrought by God, a coming forth from the darkness of night and of the old party, if he would have any understanding at all of the kingdom which he himself announces.—Lange. How can a man be born again? Either Nicodemus purposely misunderstands in order to reduce Christ's words to an absurdity, or more probably not knowing what to say, he asks what he knew to be a foolish question.—Camb.—Bib.

THOUGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Nicodemuses abound to-day. They are deferential and even complimentary to Jesus. But they find in him only a teaching Messiah. His Word and example are the ladder to heaven, not his cross. They understand not the imperative necessity, the incalculable advantage of 'his lifting up,' nor its similitude to the lifting up of the serpent by Moses. They stop short of the atonement in Christ. They lose all. They are like that Saxon peasant boy Zeller tells of, who, on being asked if he learned anything of Jesus at school, replied, 'Oh, yes!' 'What, then?' 'That he was a good Teacher of the people.' Bless me! This world has had teachers enough. What it wanted was a Saviour!

Be born again: That is the first sentence of the Divine catechism (Stier). The very term is, in itself, enough to inspire hope. It is an effect which, by the utmost striving, we can not produce upon ourselves. It is a gift. It is from above.

Sum and substance of the Christian religion; it is a principle of life in the human soul. It is not doctrine, but life. As Luther paraphrases it: My doctrine is not of doing or leaving undone, but of being and becoming; so that it is not a new work to be done, but just the being new-created. Or, again, with Draseke: The kingdom of God is nothing into which a man can think, or study, or read, or hear, or talk, or discuss himself; a man can only experience his way into the kingdom of God. Or with Stier: Thou wouldst begin at the Omega. I will begin at the Alpha, and thus teach thee the whole alphabet of my doctrine in that one word, 'born again!'

If we only availed ourselves of what we understood, we could not live a day longer in this world. A college professor at an amateur club expounded the principles of the application of electricity to locomotion. He was technical, and used algebraic equations on the blackboard. At the close he politely invited questions. The very first one was: 'Well, but professor, what does make the car go?' The scientist turned to put the equation on the board again, while his elderly interlocutor sank back in her chair disconsolately. She may never know what makes the car go, but she will never decline to ride it on that account. Shall we show less common sense concerning the car of salvation?

The effects of the new birth are apparent, incontestable, glorious, eternal. This tree is known by its fruits. It commends itself. Though we may never know just how the tree grows, may its fruits be in us and abound! They will, if we stop to decipher it all out. Faith is the only means of demonstration.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 29.—Topic—Heroes of foreign missions: what they teach us. II. Cor. xi., 21-28.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

Monday, Jan. 23.—Hear their instruction. Prov. i., 8.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.—'A glad father.' Prov. x., 1.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—'The law of thy mother.' Prov. vi., 20.

Thursday, Jan. 26.—'Despise not thy mother.' Prov. xxiii., 22.

Friday, Jan. 27.—'Obey your parents.' Col. iii., 20.

Saturday, Jan. 28.—'We gave them reverence.' Heb. xii., 9.

Sunday, Jan. 29.—Topic—How shall we honor our parents? Ex. xx., 12; Eph. vi., 1-3.

A Parable.

(Willard Crosby Lyon, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

Early one morning two men, walking along the dusty highway, chanced to spy a book lying by the roadside. The place was remote from any dwelling, and the way was unfrequented by many travellers. Both men stopped when they saw the book. The question arose in the mind of each, 'Where did it come from?' After some thought, one of the men said, 'See how beautiful and clean the binding is. No dust from the road has clung to it, nor are there any marks upon it of the heavy dew last night. The road has not been travelled by any one since yesterday. There can be but one explanation,—an angel from heaven brought the book, and placed it in the road that we might find it.'

'Not so,' returned the other. 'That answer does not satisfy me; for while you were just speaking I have been examining the road more carefully, and I have discovered faint traces of steps. Clearly, some person has been here. It is a beautiful book, as you say, and we ought not to leave it in the dust.'

The first speaker was not pleased with the way his fellow-traveller had received his argument, and he replied somewhat shortly, ridiculing the thought of any one's having been along the road before them that morning. One argument was answered by another in quick succession. Every moment the debate became more heated, and they were fast coming to blows.

While each was speaking with excited gesture, in his endeavor to prove to the other that he was right, a third traveller approached them. He was carrying a heavy load, and had found the way hot and dusty. Coming up to the two men he stopped to watch them. They had closed with each other now, and the struggle was one of physical force. The dust in the air was so thick that the stranger did not see the book lying where the others had found it. He called to the men, inquiring the cause of the trouble. They stopped their struggle long enough for each to explain his position. 'The book,' said the stranger.

'What book?' They pointed to where it lay, sadly soiled, and nearly covered with the dust they had raised. During this interruption they had stood glaring at each other, and now they rushed together again, each with the grim determination of proving himself right.

The stranger, seeing that interference was useless, turned to the book. He picked it up and examined it. The language was one he understood, and he fell to reading. The farther he read the more interested he became. He seated himself upon a stone by the roadside, and was soon too deeply immersed in his reading to notice what was passing around him.

For an hour the man with the burden sat reading. Then he rose to go. Such a strange sense of rest had come to him that it really seemed as though he must have lost his load. He had not been so refreshed since he had started on his journey. Looking around, he found that he was alone. The sounds of high words and sharp strife, borne faintly to his ears by the wind, told him that his two strange acquaintances had gone leaving the book with him.

A Week School.

(The Rev. Theo. Gaehr, in 'Living Epistle.')

In my opinion, a weak school is not that which has a small membership, but one which lacks in stability, in character, in spirit, in aggressiveness and in effort, one which shows lack of aim and tact, and discretion in its management, which has no enthusiasm, which never turns anything upside down in the community in an entire year, which runs in the same old ruts year after year. Mark well: Invariably ruts deepen into graves! 'A rut,' says a well-known Sunday-school worker, 'is a track that has been too much travelled and that has been too exclusively used, to the neglect of the road on either side of it.' It would be well for a Sunday-school going in the same beaten, sunken track for a long time, to make a new departure, to lift the waggon out of its course, even at the risk of upsetting the carriage. There is much smoother riding just outside the rut.

And the strong school which I would like to see is the one which has life, and vigor, which has at its command great moral force, which develops intense activity, which is deeply, zealously, and for ever in earnest, which is constituted in the most solid manner, and 'thoroughly furnished unto every good work,' which, though not necessarily large in numbers, concentrates its forces upon its real object, does not pay so much attention to the side as to the main issues, which builds up itself substantially, in our most holy faith, and does its full share in extending the kingdom of our Redeemer. That is the school with a future in the twentieth century, and not one with antiquated methods, dating from the Middle Ages.

Poor Wealth and Rich Poverty

Some years ago a noble woman was studying at our Bible Institute in Chicago.

She said: I had a letter from a dear friend of mine, asking me to come at once and see her. I hurried to her home, and, as I went up the elegant marble stairway and saw the costly paintings on the walls and the magnificent statues that lined the hall, I said to myself, 'I wonder if all this wealth and splendor makes my friend happy?' I did not have to wait long to find out, for presently the lady came hurrying into the room, and, greeting me, dropped into a seat and burst into tears. All the wealth, honor and dignity of her position had not given her joy.

After this I went to visit a poor blind woman in a humble cottage. It was a dark, rainy day, and the rain was dripping through the badly thatched roof, gathering in a pool before a chair in which the woman sat. I turned to her and said: 'Maggie, are you not miserable?' 'What, lady?' And she turned her sightless eyes to me in surprise. 'What, lady? I miserable; I, the child of a King, and passing on to the mansion he has gone to prepare for me? I miserable; no, lady, I am happy!'

Wealth had not brought joy to the one, but a living faith in Jesus Christ had brought joy to the other in the midst of her poverty and misfortune.—The Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, in 'Christian Age.'

Temperance

The Ideal City.

(The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.)

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right,
And turn its darkness into light

What makes a city full of power?
Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
But women rich in virtue's dower,
Whose homes, though humble, still are great,
Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Not gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong cannot remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud,
And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
A Light upon a nation's hill;
A Voice that evil cannot still,
A source of blessing to the land;
Its strength, not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.

Can You Believe It?

Dr. B. W. Carpenter, a well-known physician, kept a separate account for many years of the money paid to him for medical attendance by the abstainers and drinkers, and this is the conclusion he came to:

For every $15.00 the teetotallers paid him he received $45.00 from the drinkers.

Drinkers have to pay a deal more than the actual cost of the beer, wine and spirits they consume. They have to pay doctor's bills, and lose their health in the bargain.

Mr. Grimme, of Hatton Garden, some years ago made a comparison between the five years' experience of sickness in the Sons of Temperance—a teetotal friendly society—and the Oddfellows and Foresters, two non-teetotal societies, and this is the result:

The Foresters averaged 5½ weeks' sickness per year.

The Oddfellows averaged 5½ weeks' sickness per year.

The Sons of Temperance averaged 1½ weeks' sickness per year.

Well done, Teetotallers! Dr. Physicum would suffer if all folk were teetotallers, sure enough! Don't forget, then:

Temperance, exercise, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—'Forward.'

Cigarettes.

(Mrs. John A. Logan, in the New York 'Journal.')

I have watched victims of the cigarette habit of mature years descend the scale of morality and ambition until honor, family and laudable aspirations were sacrificed to the demoniac indulgence of the habit that could not be given up, though everything else had to perish.

Stained fingers, offensive odors, nervousness, irritability, stupidity, infidelity and many other ills can be placed to the credit of cigarettes, but no good things can be enumerated that can be said to come from the use of cigarettes.

One has only to go to Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Spain and Spanish-American countries to be impressed with the power of cigarettes to dwarf a people mentally, morally and physically.

If Americans do not listen to the pleadings of the benefactors of the nation and institute some measures whereby the cigarette mania is arrested and cured, the next generation will demonstrate the fatal work the cigarette is doing for the American race.

Go into the prisons and poll the prisoners and see how many began their downward career by smoking clandestinely; see how many will confess to petit larceny from their parents and friends to buy cigarettes!

Not long since I happened to see two lads about twelve years of age smoking cigarettes in a drug store. Their manners were so bad and their cigarettes so offensive that I spoke to one of them, saying, 'My boy, are you not afraid to smoke cigarettes?'

He took a long pull at the cigarette before taking it out of his mouth, letting the smoke come out of his nose, and replied, 'Why, no! I have smoked since I was five.'

His companion laughed immoderately. They were well dressed and looked as if they were sons of well-to-do people. They were pert and had been addicted to the vicious habit long enough to seem like old dwarfs.

There is not a human being, young or old, that can smoke cigarettes and avoid the deadly consequences to their minds and bodies. They may be smoked for years, but the insidious poison that permeates every fibre of the human body will do its work effectually.

If they have not effect, why is it the victims of the habit are so seriously affected if they happen to be without them for a little time? The effect of cigarettes is not wholly physical, as everyone knows who has paid the least attention to cigarette smokers.

Sad as the physical consequences are, they are nothing compared to the mental destruction and total moral depravity. Persons who smoke cigarettes may be assured of the deadening of their moral sensibilities.

They lose all delicacy of feeling, and are influenced only by the meaner and lower instincts, and are indifferent to the higher and holier things of life.

'It is Not My Business.'

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. Being pressed, he said:

'Gentlemen, it is not my business.'

A few days later his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say 'Accident?' There are twenty-five railways centring in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely to have occurred on the Mississippi Railway. Yet it troubles him. It is his business now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and on inquiry he finds that the accident has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:

'I will give you $500 for an engine.'

The answer flashes back 'No!'

'I will give you $1,000 for an engine!'

'A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other.'

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. In a half-hour, perhaps, which seemed to him a half century, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled bodies and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railway employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say of this tremendous question, 'It is not my business?'—The 'Canadian Royal Templar.'

My Chum's Father.

(R. Stansby Williams, in 'Temperance Record.')

It was always rather a puzzle to me that my special chum Harry Wakefield never referred to his father, not even when we might happen to speak about his home. I knew he had no brother, and I had often heard him speak of his mother and three sisters, but about his father I never heard a word. Once, meaning no harm, I said to him, 'And how's your father, Harry?' And very much amazed I was when he turned to me as if he'd snap my head off. 'What do you mean?' he began harshly, almost angrily; then seeing my amazed look, he checked himself. 'I beg your pardon, Jack,' he said more quietly; 'but to tell you the truth my father and I don't get on over

very together, and I don't see very much of him.'

After that there was no more to be said, and as Harry always avoided the subject, I could not very well refer to it myself. But it did seem to me a little strange, for my chum was as free and open a fellow in thought and in speech as you could meet with in a day's march, so that I felt that it must have been a very grave matter that made him so disinclined to speak of so near a relative. However, there was no more to be said, and I took care not to offend again.

I have called Harry my 'chum' with good reason. We were engaged in the same house of business, and in the same department of that house; and we shared lodgings as well, so that being together by night as well as day, it was pretty evident that it would not do for us to quarrel if we were to get along comfortably at all. And I think our friendship was a very real one. It certainly was on my side, for I am bound to say Harry—who was about a year older than I was—could beat me pretty well in everything we put our hands to. But I never felt sore or envious about that, and was quite willing to play 'second fiddle' so far as Harry was concerned. Still I could not help thinking it a little odd that he should be so offhand. His father evidently was not dead, or he would have said so at once. There was some mystery about the affair, but it was none of my business, and I decided to say no more to Harry about it. 'Perhaps I shall come across his father some day,' I said to myself, as I stood one afternoon at the counter of our 'goods delivery' department waiting for an invoice.

'Come along,' I said, thinking it was the invoice clerk as the door swung open. Then I saw it was a stranger entering. 'I beg your pardon,' I began, and stopped short. The newcomer was a shabby, frowsy-looking elderly man. Of course, he might not be able to help being shabby; but he was dingy and grimy also. Two ragged apologies for cuffs came down over his wrists; his greasy frock coat had but one button, and the napless hat he held in his hand seemed anything but the right shape. He had been evidently a tall, well-built man, but he stooped a great deal, and his face and figure had a heavy coarse look, whilst his breath as he came near was so suggestive of smoke and spirits that I stepped back a pace without thinking.

'Good morning,' he said, 'can I speak to Mr. Henry Wakefield?'

The voice was thick and husky, but the tone was that of a man who had been once a gentleman, whatever he might be now.

It all flashed upon me in a moment. The man before me dingy, dissipated, drunken, was my chum's father.

Now I saw the reason for Harry's silence, and the reason, too, for his own rigid abstinence, not only from all intoxicants but from all amusements and enjoyments. 'An old hermit,' our fellows often called him. And the cause of his self-denial and his abstinence was before me. I determined to get him out of the place before the chief of the department came in.

'May I ask you to wait outside a moment,' I said as politely as I could. 'I'll send Mr. Wakefield to you.' He looked at me knowingly. 'You're a cute 'un,' he said. 'Well, I can take a tip as well as any man. I'll wait outside the door, not a step further, mind. I've got a little business of my own with Master Harry. Good day.' And with a bow he disappeared, while I went off to find my chum and tell him as best I could.

He grew a shade paler when I broke the news. 'I've been expecting this,' he said. 'Better come through you than anyone else, Jack; you can keep silent,' and without waiting for my answer he went off. What passed I never knew, but when I went back the unwelcome visitor had gone. I only noticed that Harry was more silent than ever, and that he did not go out to dinner for the rest of that week. He was busy, he said, and a roll and a drink of water would keep him going. But I guessed the real reason, and where every penny went.

About two months after that, one Saturday, just as we were leaving, Harry came up to me. 'Do you mind a sad sight, Jack?' 'Not if its necessary,' I said stoutly, though I did not relish the prospect; 'Or if it will help you in any way,' I added. He seemed pleased, but only said, 'Come, then,' and leaving the office, we walked on, and making our way through Bishopsgate and Shoreditch, went steadily along the Kingsland Road, till we came to a large lofty building, which I guessed at once was a hospital, though I was not familiar with the district. After a word or two with the doorkeeper, a porter was told to accompany us, and turning down by the side of the main building along a stone-paved corridor, we paused by a row of doors extending along the passage. Here Harry laid his hand on my arm. 'You remember the man who came to our office for me two months ago,' he said. I remembered well enough. 'You guessed who he was—my father. He was brought here about a month ago after meeting with an accident while drunk. He never rallied, and died yesterday. I asked you to come with me to-day, for I confess I shrank from coming quite alone, and'—he broke off for the porter had opened one of the doors and was waiting.

Silently we went in. Death had refined the face that drink had spoiled, and the one we had come to see lay there as if calmly sleeping.

'It is best as it is, Jack,' said Harry, as we turned away; 'but it is a sad thing for a son to say of a dead father. The drink was his curse and his ruin. He would do nothing for himself, and every penny he could get out of me, or mother, or my sisters either, went for it. You have thought me odd and reserved, Jack, but I have shown you the reason. Keep clear of the drink, lad.' And I have kept clear. I never forgot 'my chum's father.'

The Golden Goblet: a Christmas Story.

(Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News.')

(Concluded.)

'Seest thou, then, my lord, I dare not pass the loving cup to pledge thy noble guests, lest by doing so the curse of Elvira's house fall upon the house of Baldrick?'

Plaintive and sweet fell the soft, low tones of her voice upon the listening ears around. Howbeit, pleaded she not for others than herself—perchance a generation, yet unborn? Knelt she not there like Esther of old, Esther the beautiful, saying in her heart, 'If I perish, I perish?'

The Lord of Baldrick stood erect with the Golden Goblet in his iron hand. What could he? He held the cherished embodiment of an honored and superstitiously ancient custom in his agitated grasp, and before him, the idol of his young manhood, knelt his winsome bride, pale as the exquisite robe which draped her. The crisis of a hundred lives awaited his word. Elvira stirred.

'My lord, a favor at your hand.'

'The favor must surely be thine, fair lady,' said he. And yet the cloud of frowning perplexity died not from his brow.

'I would fain name a champion, my lord,' she said, her face hidden.

There was a stir amongst the company. The knights leaned forward in their places, the ladies looked with curious eyes at the kneeling figure in its ivory, shimmering gown. The Lord Roderick bit his lip. A sharp cruel jealousy cut into his heart. Whom would Elvira name? Yet for his order of chivalry he dared not deny her request.

'Name thy champion, fair dame,' said he, haughtily, 'and on my honor as a belted knight he shall stand forth and plead thy cause.'

The Lady Elvira uncovered her face, and, stretching forth one white hand she said, in a clear though soft voice, which penetrated to the far corners of the hall,

'I demand as my champion the loyal knight whom it is ever my delight to love and honor—the Lord Roderick Baldrick.'

The spell was broken, and a flutter of admiring whispers rose and fell amid the guests. Ladies stole a color or a flower from their elegant broideries, and showered them gracefully at the Lady Elvira's feet, and knights tossed their embroidered gauntlets to do homage to so rare a choice. The minstrels swept their hands across their but too long silent harp strings, and all again was mirth and merriment. The Lord Roderick stood with his head thrown back, his proud eye kindling, and his haughty lip unbending. He raised the kneeling lady, and in his turn dropped upon one knee before her.

'Thy champion, dear lady, will champion thy cause to the death. Fear nothing while thy Roderick can break a lance or cross swords with the stoutest. Thou hast well done, Elvira, to make thy husband thy champion. What pride might not have granted chivalry must, and love thou hast at thy will, sweetheart.'

Then he sprang again to his feet, holding out the Golden Goblet, and speeding his lightning glance once more from eye to eye.

'What ho! my lords and ladies; what say you to the suit of the noble Lady Elvira? Shall the custom of the Baldricks be maintained at so fearful a risk, and against my honor as a lady's champion? Prithee, speak your minds, good gentlemen.'

'No knight within the castle will drink of thy loving cup to-night, my Lord Roderick,' answered they, their hands on their sword hilts as became knights when vowing a vow.

'Well spoken, my lords!' cried the young lord. 'Well and truly spoken. But, list! the Lady Elvira would fain have my ear.'

He took her by the hand, and thus they stood side by side on the dais.

'I crave but a moment's patience, my dear lord,' said she, her blue eyes tender with feeling. 'In an old, old rubric which my lord has read there is a beautiful story of love and sacrifice. It is a Christmas story, and this is Christmas eve. Shall not the Christmas chimes from the great tower ring out the thousand sins which curse the land, all slander and all greed, all narrowing strifes, and ancient customs false to truth, and forms that bring a blight on good? The Golden Goblet brings no curse if no tempter lurks within. Let the Lord Roderick be the first of his noble race to break the yoke of this seductive tradition which may otherwise bring to one of his own house and lineage in future days a terror and a bane. And then, prithee, good knights and ladies all, the heart shall be lighter and the mirth be happier if the Christ spirit be made welcome at the feast.'

* * * * * * * *

The legend of the Golden Goblet is still upon the annals of the house of Baldrick; and it keeps its fair armorial splendor yet upon the niche in the marble alcove in the festal hall. The Lady Elvira has but a name, and a tomb, and a portrait, in the great gallery, but the good wrought in life lives on after death.

There is no curse resting upon the house of Baldrick, and there is no Christmas loving cup in the banquetting hall to tempt to evil, for one of the noble house had dared to stand alone, and demand a champion for the cause of God and for the right, and helped to

'Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindler hand,'

to

'Ring out the darkness of the land,' and
'Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

A Good Test.

Some years ago when the Rev. Professor Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer. One day a gentlemen appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his 'refuge of lies.' Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, as his only hope of salvation.

The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus—that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

'Then let us go upon our knees and tell God of that,' said Mr. Finney. So both knelt and Mr. Finney prayed, 'O, Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take thee as his God, and to cast himself upon thy care now and forever.'

The man responded heartily 'Amen.' And went on: 'O, Lord, he says that he is willing to give thee his business whatever it may be, and conduct it for thy glory.'

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked 'Why do you not say "Amen" to that?' 'Because the Lord will not take my business, sir, I am in the whiskey trade,' he answered.—The 'Australian Christian World.'

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Correspondence

Letters from the following have had a vote each: Minnie E. M., Emma R., Joseph W. T., and Roy R.

Dryden.

Dear Editor,—For some time I have been thinking of writing to the 'Messenger,' but this time I think I will put my thought into action. I live on a farm about three minutes' walk from the village of Dryden. So I can enjoy both country and town life. I have one sister five years old, and one brother seven years old. My brother has two chipmunks. It is very interesting to watch the little things turn their wheel and jump from one side of their cage to the other. Dryden is a very pretty place in summer. The Wabigoon river lies at the south and west of the village. The bridge crossing the river is built over the Wabigoon Falls, and the rapids are under the C. P. R. bridge. There are lots of wild flowers in the spring and in the summer plenty of wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and Saskatoonberries. The storekeepers do a large business shipping blueberries and raspberries to Rat Portage and Winnipeg. I have been to Winnipeg, Brandon and Alexander; that is as much of the West as I have seen. In September mother took us three children to Port Arthur fair. We had a nice time. We have lots of snow here now, and it has been as cold as thirty-four degrees below zero this year; but it will likely be much colder than that.

CLARA A.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much, I though I would write. I am a girl twelve years of age, and go to the Collegiate Institute of Owen Sound. I take up arithmetic, algebra, history, botany, French, geography, composition, literature, reading and grammar. I will describe myself so as to let the readers have an idea what I look like. I am five feet four and a half inches high, have dark hair and dark blue eyes. Owen Sound is a very pretty place, especially in the summer time. We used to live on a farm, but I like the town the best. Well, I must close with best wishes for all readers.

AMELIA M. L.

Russell County.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm about twelve miles from the city of Ottawa. I go to school every day, and I am in the second book. I have a mile to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss R. I have sisters, but only one brother, whose name is Carman; he is five years old. We have for pets one pup, a cat and a kitten.

SADIE M. W.

Stony Island, Cape Sable Island.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother takes it, and I just think it is a nice paper. We have had some cold weather. I have a cat, and I call her Sukey. We live on the seashore. They have started to make a harbor below our house. We have a small orchard, and keep two cows and an ox. I am fourteen years old.

GORDON S.

Rosevale.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would now try. For pets I have two cats, their names being Daisy and Puss. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. My studies are geography, history, reading, algebra, arithmetic, health reader. Our teacher's name is Miss F. We all like her very much. I live one half mile from the school, and two miles from the church. I live on a farm. I think 'In Peril on the Sea' is a very nice story.

PERCY S. (aged 10).

Kingsboro.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year. I think it is a charming little paper, and I am now writing my first letter to it. We live over a mile from our nearest neighbor. We have seventeen apple-trees, one plum-tree and one cherry-tree. Apples were a good crop this year. The farmers grow large crops of potatoes, turnips, wheat, and oats. Strawberries are plenty every second year; also raspberries and cranberries. I transplanted a bed of cultivated strawberries last summer, and I hope to get more berries from it next summer than I did last. I have three sisters and two brothers, and one half-brother. I and my twin sister are the youngest in the family. One of my sisters is married, and lives in Boston. The other is a dressmaker at home. My youngest brother is a cheesemaker in New Brunswick, and my half-brother is farming in Manitoba. My eldest brother is at home helping on the farm. I think Minnie E. M. writies interesting letters. Is it not the book of Esther that does not mention the name of God. My mother has a loom, and she weaves in the winter, but she drops it when the warm weather comes. I am very fond of reading, and have read over a hundred books. My favorite authors are Miss L. M. Alcott and E. Wetherell.

ELEANOR C. M.

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has long been my intention to write to the Correspondence Editor of the 'Messenger.' I notice that many of your correspondents choose special subjects when writing to the 'Messenger.' This is a splendid idea, but I am afraid I cannot follow it, as I do not know of anything at the present time that would prove interesting to all your readers. Perhaps next time I will be able to do this. I hope, dear Editor, that you are a Liberal, as I am an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government. Not many Canadians are privileged to receive a letter from and written by the Premier. I was delighted to receive a letter from him shortly after the elections, in answer to a letter of congratulations which I had sent to Ottawa. We have had very severe weather in Ontario lately. The snow, too, is quite deep. Did you hear about the remarkable snow-fall we had here in one night? Just imagine, it fell fully two feet of snow in seven hours. Is not that almost a record breaker? I am very fond of reading; but when boys and girls attend school they have not much time for reading; that is, if they do their lessons justice. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. Its stories apply to old and young alike, and its influence for good is without limit. Mother takes the 'Montreal Weekly Witness.' We would not be without it for anything.' 'The Home Department' is my special delight.

M. W. L.

Turtle Creek.

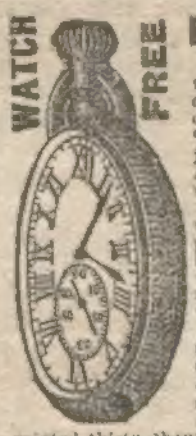
Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school, and I am in the first reader. My mamma is dead, and papa, baby and I are boarding out. Papa is a Baptist minister. I am the oldest of the family, and my age is eight years. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and I would not be without it. I saw a question asked in the 'Messenger,' which book in the Bible did not have the word God in it. I think it is the book of Esther.

ADELIA S.

Princeton, B.C.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. It comes every Wednesday. I always long for mail-day to come. There is a telephone line being built here. They will be through putting up poles in a few days. I live in Princeton, seventy-three miles from the celebrated Okanagan Lake, which is seventy miles long, and three miles wide, the largest lake in British Columbia. Princeton is situated at the junction of the Tulameen and the Similkameen Rivers. This little town is very pretty in summer. The names of these rivers are of Indian origin. Tulameen means red paint bluff and Similkameen, which is noted for its white-fish, means blue water. Well, I have more to tell, but will write more the next time.

RALPH M. (aged 12).



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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Monday no Longer Scrub Day

'Some day,' I said, 'when I have learned more about it I will publish a treatise upon "The Best Method of Washing," for the benefit of posterity.' Failing to awaken any sign of intelligence in the face of Sophia, I began to assort out the various soiled articles myself. I had heard somewhere that the fine pieces must be washed first. Then I was in a quandary to know which were the fine pieces, properly so called. I selected a few haphazard, and I said, 'Sophia, Sophia; scrub, scrub!' Then I expressed my meaning pantomimically, bending over the wash tub like the best 'wash lady' in the land, so I thought.

Sophia was impressed at last. She responded in pantomime, in exaggerated imitation of my effort. How soap suds flew! How the water ran over the kitchen floor! How hot it grew! We hung up the last piece on the clothes line at five p.m., and suddenly it occurred to me that nothing had yet been starched. Oh, it was a great day! Sophia's hands were bleeding, owing to the violent scrubbing she had done. As for me—don't mention it! One day of that sort was quite enough. I resolved to get posted before Monday came around again.

The next day I appealed to a friend, who I knew would not laugh at my confession and who understood washing. She exclaimed, 'Why you were very old timed to begin your washing by scrubbing.'

'Why, how can it be helped?' 'By a washing fluid. I will tell you how to make it, then I will tell you how to use it.'

I listened attentively.

'Get from your grocer two pounds of washing soda and one pound of lime, unslacked, of course. Put them together and pour over the mixture six quarts of boiling water. After it has cooled, bottle it and put it away to use as you need it. Some people say that washing fluids made the clothes "tender" and that they do not wear so long, but I know by long experience that if they are well rinsed that they wear longer than if they are scrubbed on a board in the old way. Now I will tell you how to do your washing with this fluid. Put your clothes to soak over night in cold water, the fine pieces first in one tub, and the remainder of the white pieces in another tub.'

'Oh, do tell me which are the fine pieces?'

'The sheets, pillow slips, table linen and all other strictly linen pieces, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs and all nice pieces that are not very much soiled. In the morning fill your boiler half full of water, and when it has boiled, put in your washing fluid, allowing a half cupful to every pail of water. Having wrung out the

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best clothes that have saked all night and soaped them well, plunge them into the boiling water, and let them boil hard twenty minutes. While they are boiling, sit down and prepare the clothes in the second tub, as you have already done the first, so that they will be ready to put into the boiler as soon as the first lot is taken out. As soon as the clothes have boiled twenty minutes, take them out into a tub, draining them carefully from the water in which they were boiled. Now you will see that the dirt is all on the surface. Pour plenty of fresh, cold water over them, and you can easily rub out the loosened dirt. Then souse the garments well, wring out and and toss into a tub of bluing water. Rinse the clothes in the bluing water, starch those that require it and hang all out to dry. Do the second boiler of clothes the same way. Then empty the boiler free from the fluid water and put in fresh water to warm for colored cottons and flannels. These cannot be washed with the fluid. The colored cotton goods must be washed in fresh, clean water and rinsed in salted water to set the color. For flannels I take a bar of electric soap and put with it two quarts of hot water and let it dissolve. I keep this on hand. In the morning I take out a cup half full of this soapy mixture, make it into a warm suls, in which I soak the flannels until add the white clothes are washed. Then I wash the flannels, but do not soap them at all. Rinse in warm water. Then I dry them in the house as quickly as possible. Washed in this way they do not shrink.'

The following Monday Sophia and I began on our washing bright and early by this new method. It goes without saying that it worked like a charm. Now we know how to wash without scrubbing, and so may you if you learn our way.

THE END.

Selected Recipes.

Poached eggs and onions make a good supper dish. Cut up finely three or four good-sized onions and fry to a light brown in a little pork or beef dripping. Spread this on a deep dish, season with pepper and salt, over all put a layer of breadcrumbs and a few spoonsfuls of good gravy. Poach some eggs, lay them on the onions, etc., set in the oven a minute or two, and serve.

Baked Cabbage.—Trim a small cabbage and cut in quarters; parboil and drain. Butter a plate that can be set in the oven and cover with a tablespoon of finely chopped raw bacon. Arrange the cabbage on the plate, after having cut out the coarser part of the stalk. Pour over a cup of white sauce and sprinkle with crumbs that have been dried and sifted. Pour two tablespoons of melted butter over and set the whole in the oven to brown the crumbs. Serve in the same dish.—'Chicago Inter-Ocean.'

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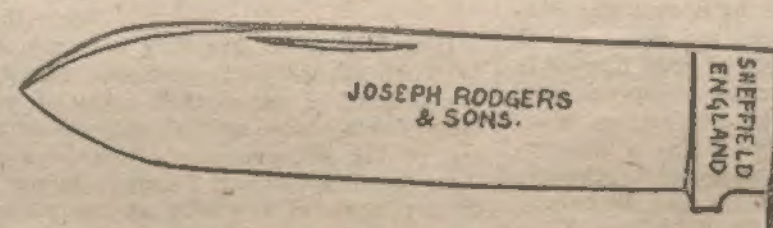

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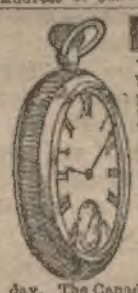

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